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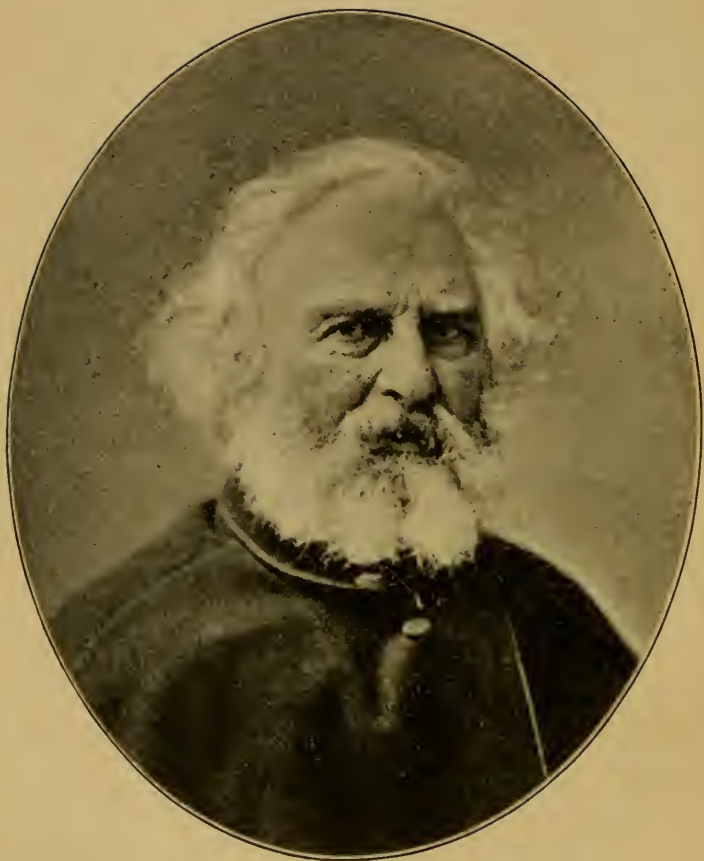


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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Classics in the Grades

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

WITH SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS,
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, HISTORICAL
MATERIAL, EXPLANATORY NOTES,
AND CRITICAL OPINIONS

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PREFATORY NOTE TO THE TEACHER

BEFORE the reading of "The Courtship of Miles Standish" is taken up for class work, the teacher should make a careful study of the historic facts with which the poem deals, in order to give a correct interpretation of this great masterpiece. While "The Courtship of Miles Standish" will appeal to the ordinary reader, yet a study of it, such as may be required for the class-room, requires some preliminary study on the part of the teacher. This critical study should be of a two-fold character: first, the foundations upon which the author built his story, and, second, references to poems of other authors, similar in character, with which portions of "The Courtship of Miles Standish" may be compared and contrasted. It should be kept in mind that the background of "The Courtship of Miles Standish" is historical. The teacher should be thoroughly familiar with the history of the Pilgrims in order to get in the atmosphere of the poem. In teaching any classic, it should be the aim of the teacher to implant in the minds of the pupils a strong desire to read that particular story. (See page 102.)

OUTLINE FOR CLASS READING

A classic improves with each reading, and this poem should be read by the class at least three times.

FIRST READING

The first step in the reading of any classic is to read it as a whole for the purpose of permitting the pupil to get the thread of the story. In no sense should this reading be used as a formal

reading lesson. We shall make an inevitable failure if we attempt to teach reading in connection with literary appreciation of a classic. The first lessons, then, should require merely an intelligent reading of the poem. The poem should be read aloud in a pleasing manner to get a good understanding and appreciation of the story. Each day's lesson should be so planned that it will stop at some interesting place, in order to keep up a sustained interest on the part of the class. When we have read and have grasped the poem as a whole, we are ready for the second reading.

SECOND READING

In reading the poem a second time, we should aim to study the mechanical means by which the author secured his effects. In this detailed study, the teacher should do all the reading, planning each day's lesson so that it will stop at some logical place in the story. During the second reading the student should form clear conceptions of—

(a) *The Characters*.—Are the people in the poem life-like? Are they real? Can you *see* them? What are the prominent traits of each character? Who is the hero? the heroine? What does the hero do that is heroic? the heroine? Which is your favorite character? How many of the characters are real persons? Show that the characters are well chosen for the purposes of contrast. Contrast the self-assertive, robust, and impetuous soldier with the refined and sensitive young scholar. Characterize Priscilla as to her womanly nature, her vein of humor, her views as to the choice of a husband, and her temperament. Dwell upon Standish's good qualities of heart; the valiant service that he rendered to the colony. Emphasize the fact that this poem is more than a Puritan idyl—it is the story of a strong man's conquest of himself, and a maiden's fearless obedience to the voice of her heart. Are you satisfied with the ending of the story?

(b) *The Setting*.—Where is the scene of this poem laid? At what time of the year? Are the homes of the colonists vividly portrayed? Can you see the Mayflower riding at anchor in

the harbor? the austere settlers at work building their homes in the forest? the visits of the Indians? Can you call up mental pictures of the seven houses in the silent and sombre forest? the sufferings of the first winter? the secret burials of the dead on Cole's Hill? Lay great stress upon the fact that notwithstanding the terrible mortality, the discouragements and disasters which overcame them, their sublime faith in their enterprise was so well grounded that not one took advantage of the opportunity to return to England when the Mayflower set sail for her return voyage in April. What is the prevailing hue of the poem? In what way has the poet relieved the sombre setting of the poem? Is there any "local color"? Select some richly colored pictures, such as a gorgeous sunset, an autumnal forest, and a sunrise. Do the descriptions of nature surpass the delineations of personal portraits?

(c) *The Plot*.—Is the story interesting? Does it hold your interest? Are there any parts where the interest flags? Does the story lack unity? What is gained by the short introduction? What is the complicating force? What is the first crisis? Name other crises that follow? Where is the interest at the highest (climax) pitch? Show how everything goes wrong to the climatic point and then how every difficulty unravels itself. After the climax has been reached, how does the poet reawaken the interest on the part of the reader? Who brings about the (resolving force) solution of the problem? How does Part III play an important part in the development of the plot? Show how the author has made use of "*poetic license*" in the arrangement of his material.

(d) *The Style*.—Name the colloquial and idiomatic expressions. Select words that are terse and strong; those that are highly polished or ornamental. Notice that many of the sentences are inverted: "Brown as a nut was his face," "Strange is the heart of man." Notice that the author frequently begins a sentence in the middle of a line and lets it run over into the next line. Call attention to the use of balance of words and phrases for rhetorical effect: "*Friendship* was in their *looks*, but in their

hearts there was *hatred*." Note the Biblical allusions and show their appropriateness in this poem. Teach the pupils to recognize the commonest figures of speech.

(e) *Memory Gems*.—The pupils should be encouraged to select choice passages for memorization and to state the reasons for their selection.

(f) *Collateral Reading*.—The study of this poem should be presented in such an interesting manner as to give the pupils a desire to read other narrative poems. The following poems are suggestive: Longfellow's *Evangeline*, Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*, and Scott's *Marmion*.

(g) *Composition and Outline Work*.—Brief compositions may be written upon selected topics or in reproducing parts of the story. The following list of composition subjects from "The Courtship of Miles Standish" may be profitably used in connection with the study of the poem:

- a. The Character of the Indians.
- b. Occupation, dress, customs, and manners of the people of the seventeenth century.
- c. Write the story which Miles Standish told to explain his long absence.
- d. Suppose that John Alden had sailed away on the Mayflower as he intended: write the story as you think it would have ended.
- e. Justify the statement of Standish that Julius Cæsar was a wonderful man.

THIRD READING

This reading should be free from all criticism, and should be given for the purpose of permitting the student to enjoy the revealed beauty of the poem.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

I

MILES STANDISH

IN the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the
Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive
dwelling,

The territory in eastern Massachusetts occupied by the
Plymouth Colony.

A seaport in eastern Massachusetts about 35 miles southeast
of Boston. It is the oldest New England town.

The Pilgrim Fathers were the first settlers in Massachusetts.
In 1608, a party of Separatists, chiefly from the north of England,
weary of the constant religious persecutions, left England and
settled at Amsterdam, whence they later moved to Leyden.
But they could not conform to the customs of Holland. In
1617 they obtained from the Virginia Company a grant of
settlement in its territory in America. Early in 1620 the Pil-
grims embarked from Delfhaven in the "Speedwell," a vessel
chartered in Holland. Arriving at Southampton, they found
the "Mayflower," which had been brought from London, await-
ing them. August 5, 1620, the "Mayflower" and the "Speed-
well" left Southampton for the New World. Twice the "Speed-
well" put back for repairs, and the second time she was left, the
"Mayflower" sailing alone from Plymouth with 102 passengers,
September 6th. Their destination was to a point near the Hud-

Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan
 leather,
 Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan
 Captain.
 Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind
 him, and pausing 5
 Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of
 warfare,
 Hanging in shining array along the walls of the cham-
 ber,—
 Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of
 Damascus,

son River, but the wind drove them to the north. On November 21 the "Mayflower" dropped anchor off what is now Provincetown. Later the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, and thus the colony of Plymouth was begun.

The colonists built their first houses of rough-hewn logs filled in with mortar. The roofs were thatched, and oil paper was used instead of glass.

DOUBLET, a close fitting garment for men, covering the body from the neck to the waist or a little below.

HOSE, breeches reaching to the knee. These costumes were worn in western Europe from the 15th to the 17th century.

CORDOVA, a city in southwestern Spain where leather is manufactured. Cordovan leather is sometimes goat-skin tanned and dressed, but more frequently split horse-hide. During the Middle Ages the finest leather came from this place. Cordwain, an English name for shoemaker, is derived from Cordovan.

CUTLASS, a short, curved sword used by sailors.

CORSELET, armor for the body, consisting of breast-plate and backpiece.

DAMASCUS, one of the oldest cities of the world, was formerly

Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical
Arabic sentence,

While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece,
musket, and matchlock. 10

Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and
sinews of iron;

Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was
already

Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in
November.

the capital of Syria. It was famous for its sword blades. Damascus blades were swords or cimeters, the surface of which presented a variegated appearance of watering and they were frequently engraved with some phrase from the Koran. Both the Massachusetts Historical Society and the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth claim to have the sword of Miles Standish.

FOWLING-PIECE, a light gun for shooting water-fowl.

MATCHLOCK, a musket, the lock of which held a slow match or a piece of twisted rope. It was fired by bringing the match into contact with the powder pan. They were used in England till near the end of the 17th century, when they were superseded by the flint lock.

MILES STANDISH (1584-1656) was born in England; served as lieutenant in Queen Elizabeth's army, which was sent to aid the Dutch against the Spanish; attached himself to Robinson's Congregation; emigrated with the Pilgrims to America in 1620; appointed military Captain of Plymouth on February 17th, 1621; took an active part in the Indian wars; sent in 1625 as an agent of the colony to make a settlement with the London merchants; one of the proprietors and settlers of Duxbury; died in 1656, leaving a name enrolled in the history of his country.

Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household companion, 15
 Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;
 Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
 Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof,
 as the captives
 Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles but Angels."

JOHN ALDEN (1599–1687) was born in England; emigrated with the Pilgrims to New England in 1620; seventh signer of the "Mayflower Compact"; married Priscilla Mullines in the spring of 1621; served as magistrate for fifty years; built house at Duxbury; last surviving signer of the "Compact," dying in 1687, in his eighty-ninth year.

What is the meaning of the expressions "Having the dew of his youth"? "sinews of iron"? "Saxon complexion"?

What is the meaning of the expressions "Not Angles, but Angels"? "in the pride of his heart"?

SAINT GREGORY (540–604), Pope and author. One day a number of English slaves, exposed in the Roman forum, attracted the attention, as he was passing, of a monk, named Gregory. Struck with the beauty of their fair, ruddy complexion and fair hair, he inquired from what country they came. "They are Angles," was the dealer's answer. "No, not angles, but angels," answered the monk, and he then resolved that, should he ever have the power, he would send missionaries to convert a race of so much promise. In 590 he became Pope. Seven years later he fulfilled his resolution and sent St. Augustine with a band of 40 monks to England. Ethelbert, King of Kent, and ten thousand of his subjects were baptized in the space of one year.

Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the
Mayflower. 20

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe
interrupting,
Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the
Captain of Plymouth.

“ Look at these arms,” he said, “ the warlike weapons
that hang here
Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or
inspection!

This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flan-
ders; this breastplate, 25
(Well I remember the day!) once saved my life in a
skirmish;

Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet
Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabu-
cero.

Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of
Miles Standish

MAYFLOWER, the ship which conveyed the Pilgrims from
Southampton to Plymouth. It was a small vessel of about 180
tons and was named from the mayflower. In England this
flower is known as the hawthorn; in America, as the trailing
arbutus.

SCRIBE, from the Latin word which means to write. What is
the meaning of the word used in this sense?

FLANDERS, a county of the Low Countries or The Netherlands,
now Holland and Belgium, where war was waged with Spain.

ARCABUCERO, formerly a Spanish archer, now a Spanish soldier,
a musketeer and gunsmith.

Would at this moment be mould, in their grave in the
Flemish morasses." 30

Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up
from his writing:

"Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the
speed of the bullet;

He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and
our weapon!"

Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of
the stripling:

"See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal
hanging; 35

That is because I have done it myself, and not left it
to others.

Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent
adage;

So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and
your inkhorn.

Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible
army,

What was Standish's motto? How does this motto appeal
to you?

The Bible became the charter of their religious beliefs. With
them it became the one great book, and it is but natural that scrip-
tural phraseology became unconsciously a part of their speech.

Steel pens are a modern invention. In the seventeenth century
pens were made of quills, and horns were used for ink-bottles.

ARMY, this invincible army consisted of twelve men. It was
invincible from the fact that the members of it were armed
with guns, while their opponents, the Indians, were armed with

Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and
his matchlock, 40

Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and
pillage,

And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my sol-
diers! ”

This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as
the sunbeams

Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a
moment.

Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain
continued: 45

“ Look! you can see from this window my brazen how-
itzer planted

High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks
to the purpose,

Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible
logic,

crude implements of warfare. This army was organized to
protect the Colony from attacks by the Indians. It was doubt-
less the beginning of the militia system in America.

Miles Standish was appointed Captain February 17, 1621.

REST, the support upon which the heavy matchlock rested
while being fired.

HOWITZER, a light cannon, so short that the projectile, which
was hollow, could be put in its place by hand. A platform was
built upon the hill, surmounted by five guns, to fortify the settle-
ment. As a matter of fact, the church was not built until a year
or two after the time of this poem.

Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of
the heathen.

Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the
Indians: 50

Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it
the better,—

Let them come if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or
pow-wow,

Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamaha-
mon! ”

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed
on the landscape,

Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath
of the east-wind, 55

Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of
the ocean,

Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and
sunshine.

Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on
the landscape,

Gloom intermingled with light; and his voice was sub-
dued with emotion,

A SACHEM was the chief of the tribe; a SAGAMORE was a lower
rank, while a POW-WOW was a medicine man or conjurer. These
were real Indian words which were taken by the poet from the
early histories of the colony.

What was the pay of these soldiers, estimated in United States
money? How does this pay compare with the pay of the soldiers
in the United States army? What do you understand by “pil-
lage”? Of what could the pillage of these soldiers consist?

Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded: 60

“Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried
Rose Standish;

Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the
wayside!

She was the first to die of all who came in the May-
flower!

Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have
sown there,

Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of
our people, 65

Lest they should count them and see how many
already have perished!”

Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down,
and was thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and
among them

Rose Standish died late in January, 1621.

The colonists suffered terribly during the first winter. The months of January and February were the saddest and darkest in the annals of the settlement. Death stalked unchecked in their midst. In the time of this great distress there were not more than 7 well persons left in all the company. Nearly half of their number died during this winter, and after they were buried on the bluff, now known as Cole's Hill, the earth was levelled that the Indians might not know the number, those who survived being so feeble that all could have easily been massacred. There were now only 53 survivors, which included 22 men, 5 wives, 10 girls, and 16 boys. Twelve of these men were not communicants of Robinson's church.

Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for
binding;

Barriffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries
of Cæsar 70

Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of
London,

And, as if guarded by these, between them was stand-
ing the Bible.

Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish paused,
as if doubtful

Which of the three he should choose for his consola-
tion and comfort,

Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous cam-
paigns of the Romans, 75

Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent
Christians.

Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponder-
ous Roman,

In what period of their history did these wars occur?

Why did Standish select Cæsar in preference to the other books
in his library?

Col. William Bariffe, a Puritan, wrote a book entitled "Militaire Discipline or the Young Artillery Man." It was a treatise on military tactics. Added to the title page was Psalm 144:1: "Blessed be the Lord my Strength which teacheth my hands to warre and my fingers to fight."

Commentaries of (or Memoirs) Cæsar, the only one of his literary works extant, contains the history of the first seven years of the Gallic War.

Arthur Goldinge translated many classical works, among them Ovid, Cæsar, and DeMornay. He was an English writer and friend of Sir Philip Sidney.

Seated himself at the window, and opened the book,
and in silence
Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks
thick on the margin,
Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was
hottest. 80
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen
of the stripling,
Busily writing epistles important, to go by the May-
flower,
Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest,
God willing!
Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible
winter,
Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of
Priscilla, 85
Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden
Priscilla!

Line 83 fixes the time of the story.

The Mayflower began her return voyage on April 5th, 1621. Notwithstanding the hardships in the new settlement, not one of the Pilgrims asked to return to England, and as the vessel sailed out of the harbor, all waved a last farewell as she passed Gurnet Head and trimmed her sails for England.

PRISCILLA was less known than either of her suitors. Among the names of the Mayflower company are those of Mr. William Mullines and his wife and two children, Joseph and Priscilla, and a servant, Robert Carter. William Mullines was the tenth signer of the Compact. During the first winter he and his wife died. Priscilla Mullines married John Alden in the spring of 1621, the third wedding in the colony. She was the mother of eleven children.

II

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen
of the stripling,

Or an occasional sigh from the laboring heart of the
Captain,

Reading the marvellous words and achievements of
Julius Cæsar.

After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand,
palm downwards, 90

Heavily on the page: "A wonderful man was this
Cæsar!

You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fel-
low

Who could both write and fight, and in both was
equally skilful!"

Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the
comely, the youthful:

"Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen
and his weapons. 95

Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could
dictate

Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his
memoirs."

"Truly," continued the Captain, not heeding or hear-
ing the other,

Write a brief sketch on "A Wonderful Man was this Cæsar."

" Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar!
 Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village, 100
 Than be second in Rome, and I think he is right
 when he said it.
 Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many
 times after;
 Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities
 he conquered;
 He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has re-
 corded;
 Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Bru-
 tus! 105
 Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion
 in Flanders,

IBERIA, the ancient name for Spain.

" In his journey, as he was crossing the Alps and passing by a
 small village of the barbarians with but few inhabitants, and those
 wretchedly poor, his companions asked the question among them-
 selves by way of mockery, if there were any canvassing for offices
 there; any contentions which should be uppermost or feuds of
 great men one against another. To which Cæsar made answer,
 'For my part I had rather be the first man among these fellows,
 than the second man in Rome.'" Cæsar, in *Lives of Illustrious*
Men, translated by Dryden, vol. ii, 511.

CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR, a famous Roman general, statesman,
 orator, and writer.

MARCUS JUNIUS BRUTUS (85-42 B. C.), a Roman soldier,
 scholar, and statesman. Originally an adherent of Pompey, he
 went over to Cæsar, after the battle of Pharsalia, induced by
 Cassius to join in the assassination of Cæsar; defeated in the
 second battle of Philippi, and committed suicide by falling upon
 his sword.

Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla, 120

Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret,

Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Priscilla!

Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover,

Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket,

Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth: 125

“ When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you.

Be not however in haste; I can wait; I shall not be impatient!”

Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters,

Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention:

“ Speak; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen, 130

Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish.”

Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling his phrases:

“ ’Tis not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures.

This I have said before, and again and again I repeat
it;
Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say
it. 135
Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and
dreary;
Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friend-
ship.
Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden
Priscilla.
She is alone in the world; her father and mother and
brother
Died in the winter together; I saw her going and com-
ing, 140
Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of
the dying,
Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself,
that if ever
There were angels on earth, as there are angels in
heaven,
Two have I seen and known; and the angel whose
name is Priscilla
Holds in my desolate life the place which the other
abandoned. 145
Long have I cherished the thought, but never have
dared to reveal it,
Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the
most part.
Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of
Plymouth,

Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but
of actions,
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart
of a soldier. 150
Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my
meaning;
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.
You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant
language,
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and
wooings of lovers,
Such as you think best adapted to win the heart
of a maiden." 155

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired,
taciturn stripling,
All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewild-
ered,
Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject
with lightness,
Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still
in his bosom,
Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by
lightning, 160

Explain "a maker of phrases," "a maker of war."

Why was Alden surprised by the Captain's request? How did he try to mask his dismay? Under the circumstances, did he act discreetly?

Name the figure of speech in line 160.

Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered
than answered:

“Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle
and mar it;

If you would have it well done,—I am only repeating
your maxim,—

You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to
others!”

But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn
from his purpose, 165

Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain
of Plymouth:

“Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gain-
say it;

But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder
for nothing.

Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of
phrases.

I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to
surrender, 170

But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare
not.

I’m not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of
a cannon,

But of a thundering ‘No!’ point-blank from the
mouth of a woman,

That I confess I’m afraid of, nor am I ashamed to
confess it!

So you must grant my request, for you are an ele-
gant scholar, 175

Having the graces of speech and skill in the turning
of phrases."

Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant
and doubtful,

Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he
added:

"Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the
feeling that prompts me;

Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of
our friendship! " 180

Then made answer John Alden: "The name of friend-
ship is sacred;

What you demand in that name, I have not the power
to deny you! "

So the strong will prevailed, subduing and moulding
the gentler,

Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on
his errand.

III

THE LOVER'S ERRAND

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his
errand, 185

Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of
the forest,

Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins
were building

Explain in your own language the meaning of the following:
"The graces of speech," "skill in the turning of phrases." In
the conflict of love and friendship, which usually wins?

Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of
verdure,

Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and free-
dom.

All around him was calm, but within him commotion
and conflict, 190

Love contending with friendship, and self with each
generous impulse.

To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving
and dashing,

As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,
Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the
ocean!

“Must I relinquish it all,” he cried with a wild lamen-
tation,— 195

“Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illu-
sion?”

Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and wor-
shipped in silence?

Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the
shadow

Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New
England?

Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of
corruption 200

Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion;

What is meant by “populous trees,” “hanging gardens of
verdure,” “aerial cities of joy”?

Does the poet give the impression that Alden’s attachment for
Priscilla began in England?

Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.

All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it distinctly!

This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid upon me in anger,

For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices, 205

Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of Baal.

This is the cross I must bear; the sin and the swift retribution."

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;

Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and shallow,

Gathering still, as he went, the Mayflowers blooming around him, 210

Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,

ASTAROTH OR ASHTORETH, the goddess of love of the Phœnicians. The favorite places of her worship were sacred groves. See Judges II, 3. I Sam. XII, 10, and I Kings XI, 5, 43.

BAAL, the supreme male God of the Phœnicians. He was worshipped as the sun-god, and was represented with a crown of rays. Offerings made to him were incense, bulls, and on certain occasions human sacrifices, especially children. His cult, like that of Ashtoreth, was attended by wild and licentious orgies. See Joshua XI, 17; Jeremiah XXXII, 29; I Kings XVI, 22.

Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in
their slumber.

“ Puritan flowers,” he said, “ and the type of Puritan
maidens,

Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Pris-
cilla!

So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the Mayflower
of Plymouth, 215

Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I
take them;

Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and
wither and perish,

Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the
giver.”

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on
his errand;

Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the
ocean, 220

Sailless, sombre and cold with the comfortless breath
of the east-wind;

Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a
meadow;

Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of
Priscilla

CHILDREN LOST IN THE WOODS or BABES IN THE WOOD, an old English ballad of unknown authorship, preserved in Ritson's, Percy's, and other collections. The ballad was entered in the “*Stationers' Register*” in 1595. “In 1601, a play was published of a young child murdered in a wood by two ruffins with the consent of his uncle.”—Child.

Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan
anthem,
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the
Psalmist, 225
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comfort-
ing many.
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of
the maiden
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a
snow-drift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the raven-
ous spindle,

Who was the Psalmist? How did he get that name? Where
may his writings be found?

Why does the poet refer to it as "ravenous"?

HUNDREDTH PSALM, now familiarly known as Old Hundred:

Bow to Jehovah all the earth.

Serve ye Jehovah with gladness; before him come with
singing mirth.

Know that Jehovah he God is.

It's he that made and not we his flock and sheep of his
feeding.

Oh, with confession enter ye his gates, his courtyard with
praising. Confess to him, bless ye his name.

Because Jehovah he good is; his mercy ever is the same
and his faith unto all ages.

Psalm C, translated by Ainsworth.

WHEEL, what kind of a wheel was this? For what purpose
was it used?

MARTIN LUTHER, a German reformer and translator of the
Bible.

While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion. 230

Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of
Ainsworth,

Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,

Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of
a churchyard,

Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the
verses.

Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old
Puritan anthem, 235

She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
Making the humble house and the modest apparel of
homespun

Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of
her being!

Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold
and relentless,

Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight
and woe of his errand; 240

All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that
had vanished,

When was the art of printing introduced?

Why are the notes in the psalm book spoken of as rough-hewn and angular?

HENRY AINSWORTH, a teacher and leader who was expelled from England and sought refuge in Holland, where he devoted himself to writing on different books of the Bible; died in Amsterdam about 1622.

All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,
 Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.

Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he
 said it,

“ Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look
 backwards; 245

Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of
 life to its fountains,

Though it pass o’er the graves of the dead and the
 hearths of the living,

It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy endureth for-
 ever!”

So he entered the house; and the hum of the wheel
 and the singing

Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on
 the threshold, 250

Rose as he entered and gave him her hand, in signal
 of welcome,

Saying, “ I knew it was you, when I heard your step
 in the passage;

For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and
 spinning.”

Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of
 him had been mingled

Thus in the sacred psalm that came from the heart of
 the maiden, 255

Line 245, See Luke ix, 62.

Line 248, See Jeremiah xxxiii, 11.

Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for
an answer,
Finding no words for his thought. He remembered
that day in the winter,
After the first great snow, when he broke a path from
the village,
Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that
encumbered the doorway,
Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the
house, and Priscilla 260
Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by
the fireside,
Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her
in the snow-storm.
Had he but spoken then! perhaps not in vain had he
spoken;
Now it was all too late; the golden moment had van-
ished!
So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers
for an answer. 265

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the
beautiful Spring-time;
Talked of their friends at home, and the Mayflower
that sailed on the morrow.
“I have been thinking all day,” said gently the Puritan
maiden,

GOLDEN MOMENT, what does the poet mean by the use of this
expression?

“ Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the
hedge-rows of England,—
They are in blossom now, and the country is all like
a garden; 270
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark
and the linnet,
Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,
And, at the end of the street, the village church,
with the ivy,
Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in
the churchyard. 275
Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my
religion;
Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in
Old England.
You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it: I almost
Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely
and wretched.”

Thereupon answered the youth: “ Indeed I do not
condemn you; 280
Stouter hearts than a woman’s have quailed in this
terrible winter.
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to
lean on;

In England, hedge-rows are used instead of fences to divide the
fields. In the spring, they are full of blossoms.

So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer
of marriage
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the
Captain of Plymouth! ”

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer
of letters,— 285
Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful
phrases,
But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like
a school-boy;
Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it
more bluntly.
Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan
maiden
Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with
wonder, 290
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and
rendered her speechless;
Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous
silence:
“ If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to
wed me,
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble
to woo me?
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth
the winning!” 295
Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing
the matter,

Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain
was busy,—

Had no time for such things;—‘such things’! the
words grating harshly

Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and swift as a flash she
made answer:

“Has he no time for ‘such things,’ as you call it, before
he is married, 300

Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the
wedding?

That is the way with you men; you don’t understand
us, you cannot.

When you have up made up your minds, after thinking
of this one and that one,

Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with
another,

Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and
sudden avowal, 305

And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps,
that a woman

Does not respond at once to a love that she never sus-
pected,

Does not attain at a bound the height to which you
have been climbing.

This is not right nor just; for surely a woman’s affec-
tion

Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the
asking. 310

When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but
shows it.

Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that
 he loved me,
 Even this Captain of yours—who knows?—at last
 might have won me,
 Old and rough as he is; but now it never can
 happen.”

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of
 Priscilla, 315
 Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading,
 expanding;
 Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles
 in Flanders,
 How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer
 affliction,
 How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Cap-
 tain of Plymouth;
 He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree
 plainly 320

Did Alden make the proposal as Standish expected? Was Alden sincere in his proffers of friendship for Standish? This was a crisis in Alden's life; do you recall another crisis prior to this? Where is the first hint that John Alden himself loved Priscilla? Does the poet give you the impression that Alden's attachment for Priscilla began in England? Would you have been satisfied if Alden had asked Priscilla to marry him instead of pressing the claims of Standish still further? Why not?

Why does Priscilla prefer Alden to Standish?

Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,

Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish;

Heir unto vast estates of which he was basely defrauded,

Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cocked argent

Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon. 325

He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature; Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew how during the winter

He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's;

Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and headstrong,

Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always, 330

Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of stature;

For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous;

Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England, Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish!

“There are at this time in England two ancient families of the name, one of Standish Hall and the other of Duxbury Park, both in Lancashire, who trace their descent from a common ancestor, Ralph de Standish, living in 1221.”

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and
eloquent language, 335
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his
rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning
with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for
yourself, John?"

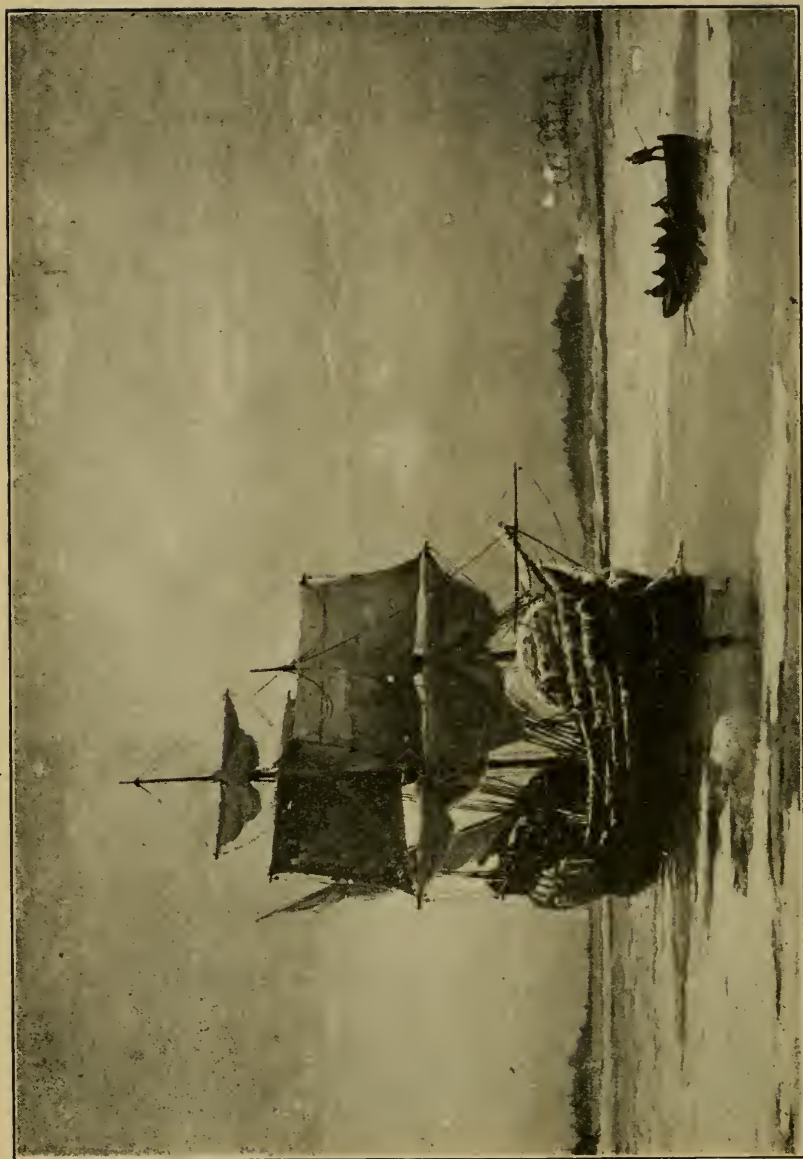
IV

JOHN ALDEN

Into the open air, John Alden, perplexed and bewildered,
Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the
sea-side; 340
Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head to
the east-wind,
Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever within
him.
Slowly, as out of the heavens, with apocalyptical splen-
dors,
Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the Apostle,
So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and
sapphire, 345
Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets uplifted
Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured
the city.

“Welcome, O wind of the East!” he exclaimed in
his wild exultation,
“Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of the
misty Atlantic!
Blowing o’er fields of dulse, and measureless meadows
of sea-grass, 350
Blowing o’er rocky wastes, and the grottos and gardens
of ocean!
Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead,
and wrap me
Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever with-
in me!”

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning
and tossing,
Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of the
sea-shore. 355
Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of pas-
sions contending;
Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship wounded
and bleeding,
Passionate cries of desire, and importunate pleadings
of duty!
“Is it my fault,” he said, “that the maiden has chosen
between us?
Is it my fault that he failed,—my fault that I am the
victor?” 360
Then within him there thundered a voice, like the
voice of the Prophet:



THE MAYFLOWER IN PLYMOUTH HARBOR

“It hath displeased the Lord!”—and he thought of
David’s transgression,
Bathsheba’s beautiful face, and his friend in the front
of the battle!

Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement and self-
condemnation,
Overwhelmed him at once; and he cried in the deep-
est contrition: 365

“It hath displeased the Lord! It is the temptation
of Satan!”

Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the sea, and
beheld there
Dimly the shadowy form of the Mayflower riding at
anchor,
Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on the
morrow;

Heard the voices of men through the mist, the rattle
of cordage 370

Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and the
sailors’ “Ay, ay, Sir!”

Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping air of
the twilight.

Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and stared
at the vessel,

Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a phantom,
Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the beckon-
ing shadow. 375

LINE 362, See II. Samuel, Chaps. XI, XII.

LINE 367, See Exodus XIV, 21-29.

Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along in
the twilight, 390

Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent and
sombre,

Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Ply-
mouth,

Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of the
evening.

Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable
Captain .

Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages of
Cæsar, 395

Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabant
or Flanders.

“ Long have you been on your errand,” he said with a
cheery demeanor,

Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not
the issue.

“ Not far off is the house, although the woods are be-
tween us;

But you have lingered so long, that while you were
going and coming 400

I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a
city.

Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has
happened.”

LINE 392, See sketch on p. 111.

HAINAULT, County of the Netherlands.

BRABANT, County and duchy of the Netherlands.

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous
adventure
From beginning to end, minutely, just as it hap-
pened;
How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in
his courtship, 405
Only smoothing a little, and softening down her re-
fusal.
But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had
spoken,
Words so tender and cruel, "Why don't you speak
for yourself, John?"
Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on
the floor, till his armor
Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of
sinister omen. 410
All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion,
E'en as a hand-grenade, that scatters destruction
around it.
Wildly he shouted, and loud: "John Alden! you
have betrayed me!
Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have supplanted,
defrauded, betrayed me!
One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart
of Wat Tyler; 415

WAT TYLER, Recorded in Sir John Froissart's *Chronicles of England, France, and Spain*. Wat Tyler was the leader of a revolt of peasants of England in 1381. He is said to have killed a tax-gatherer who insulted his daughter, and with Jack Straw to have led the men of Kent and Essex to London.

Who shall prevent me from running my own through
the heart of a traitor?

Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to
friendship!

You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and
loved as a brother;

You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup,
to whose keeping

I have intrusted my honor, my thoughts the most
sacred and secret,— 420

You too, Brutus! ah, woe to the name of friendship
hereafter!

Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine, but
henceforward

Let there be nothing between us save war, and impla-
cable hatred!"

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about
in the chamber,

Chafing and choking with rage; like cords were the
veins on his temples. 425

But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the
doorway,

Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent im-
portance,

Rumors of danger and war and hostile incursions of
Indians!

LINE 421, When Cæsar recognized his old trusted friend Brutus among his assassins, he exclaimed, "*Et tu Brute,*" which means, "And you, too, Brutus."

Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further
question or parley,
Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its
scabbard of iron, 430
Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning
fiercely, departed.
Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the
scabbard
Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the
distance.
Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into the
darkness,
Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with
the insult, 435
Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his hands
as in childhood,
Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth
in secret.

Meanwhile the choleric captain strode wrathful
away to the council,
Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his
coming,
Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in de-
portment, 440
Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to
heaven,

Covered with snow, but erect, the Excellent Elder of
Plymouth.

God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for
this planting,

Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a
nation;

So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the
people! 445

Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern
and defiant,

Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in
aspect;

While on the table before them was lying unopened a
Bible,

ELDER OF PLYMOUTH, William Brewster (1560–1644) was born at Scrooby, England; died at Plymouth, Massachusetts, April 10, 1644; one of the founders of the Plymouth Colony; studied for a short time at the University of Cambridge; post-master at Scrooby; in 1607 made unsuccessful attempt to escape to Leyden; removed with congregation to Leyden in 1609; sailed in the Mayflower in 1620; and became ruling Elder in the church at Plymouth as he had been in Leyden.

“God sifted a whole nation,” said Stoughton, “that he might send a choice grain into this wilderness.”—Sermon on Election.

THREE KINGDOMS, People of the dissenting churches of England, France, and Holland.

These people who formed one church were again sifted as the living seed of a nation.

The Bible used by the Puritans was the Geneva Bible, which was made in Switzerland in 1557.

Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in
Holland,
And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake
glittered, 450
Filled, like a quiver, with arrows: a signal and chal-
lenge of warfare,
Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy
tongues of defiance.
This Miles Standish beheld as he entered, and heard
them debating
What were an answer befitting the hostile message
and menace,
Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting,
objecting; 455
One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the
Elder,
Judging it wise and well that some at least were con-
verted,
Rather than any were slain, for this was but Christian
behavior!

In January, 1622, Canonicus, chief of the Narragansett Indians, sent a bundle of arrows wrapped in the skin of a rattlesnake as a challenge to Gov. Bradford. A few days later, when the skin filled with powder and bullets was sent to Canonicus, it so frightened this bellicose chief that he refused to receive the mysterious package.

LINE 457, The poet has used the words of Pastor John Robinson to the colonists after the first encounter with the Indians: "Oh, how happy a thing had it been if you had converted some before you had killed any!"

Then out spake Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain
of Plymouth,

Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky
with anger, 460

“What! do you mean to make war with milk and the
water of roses?

Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer
planted

There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red
devils?

Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage
Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth
of the cannon!” 465

Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of
Plymouth,

Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent lan-
guage:

“Not so thought Saint Paul, nor yet the other
Apostles;

Not from the cannon’s mouth were the tongues of fire
they spake with!”

But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain, 470
Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued
discoursing:

“Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it per-
taineth.

War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is right-
eous,

Sweet is the smell of powder; and thus I answer the challenge!"

Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden,
contemptuous gesture, 475
Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder
and bullets
Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,
Saying, in thundering tones: "Here, take it! this is
your answer!"
Silently out of the room then glided the glistening
savage,
Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a
serpent, 480
Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of
the forest.

V

THE SAILING OF THE MAYFLOWER

Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose
from the meadows,
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village
of Plymouth;
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order impera-
tive, "Forward!"
Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then
silence. 485
Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the
village.

Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous
army,
Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the
white men.
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the
savage.
Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of
King David; 490
Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and
the Bible,—
Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and
Philistines.
Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of
morning;
Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, ad-
vancing,
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated. 495

Many a mile had they marched, when at length the
village of Plymouth

Why did Standish only take eight of his invincible army
instead of twelve men?

HOBOMOK, a periesse or counselor of the Massasoit tribe;
joined the colony and proved a faithful friend until his death;
acted as interpreter for the colonists; for his faithfulness he was
given a town lot; he became a firm believer in the white man's
God.

MIDIANITES, see Exodus II, 15.

PHILISTINES, see Exodus XIII, 17.

Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold
labors.

Sweet was the air and soft: and slowly the smoke
from the chimneys

Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily east-
ward;

Men came forth from the doors and paused and talked
of the weather, 500

Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair
for the Mayflower;

Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dan-
gers that menaced,

He being gone, the town and what should be done in
his absence.

Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of
women

Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the
household. 505

Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced
at his coming;

Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the moun-
tains;

Beautiful on the sails of the Mayflower riding at
anchor,

Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of
the winter.

Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping
her canvas, 510

Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of
the sailors.

Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the
ocean,
Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward; anon rang
Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the
echoes
Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of de-
parture! 515
Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the
people!
Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from
the Bible,
Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent
entreaty!
Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pil-
grims of Plymouth,
Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the
sea-shore, 520
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the May-
flower,
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here
in the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he
had lain without slumber,
Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of
his fever.
He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late
from the council, 525
Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and
murmur,

Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it
sounded like swearing.

Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment in silence;

Then he had turned away, and said: "I will not
awake him;

Let him sleep on, it is best; for what is the use of
more talking!" 530

Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself
down on his pallet,

Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of
the morning,—

Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his
campaigns in Flanders,—

Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for
action.

But with the dawn he arose; in the twilight Alden
beheld him 535

Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of his
armor,

Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damas-
cus,

Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of
the chamber.

Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned
to embrace him,

Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for
pardon; 540

All the old friendship came back with its tender and
grateful emotions;

But his pride overmastered the nobler nature within
him,—

Pride and the sense of his wrong, and the burning
fire of the insult.

So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake
not,

Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he
spake not! 545

Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people
were saying,

Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and
Richard and Gilbert,

Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of
Scripture,

And with the others, in haste went hurrying down to
the sea-shore,

Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their
feet as a doorstep 550

Into a world unknown,—the corner-stone of a nation!

There with his boat was the Master, already a little
impatient

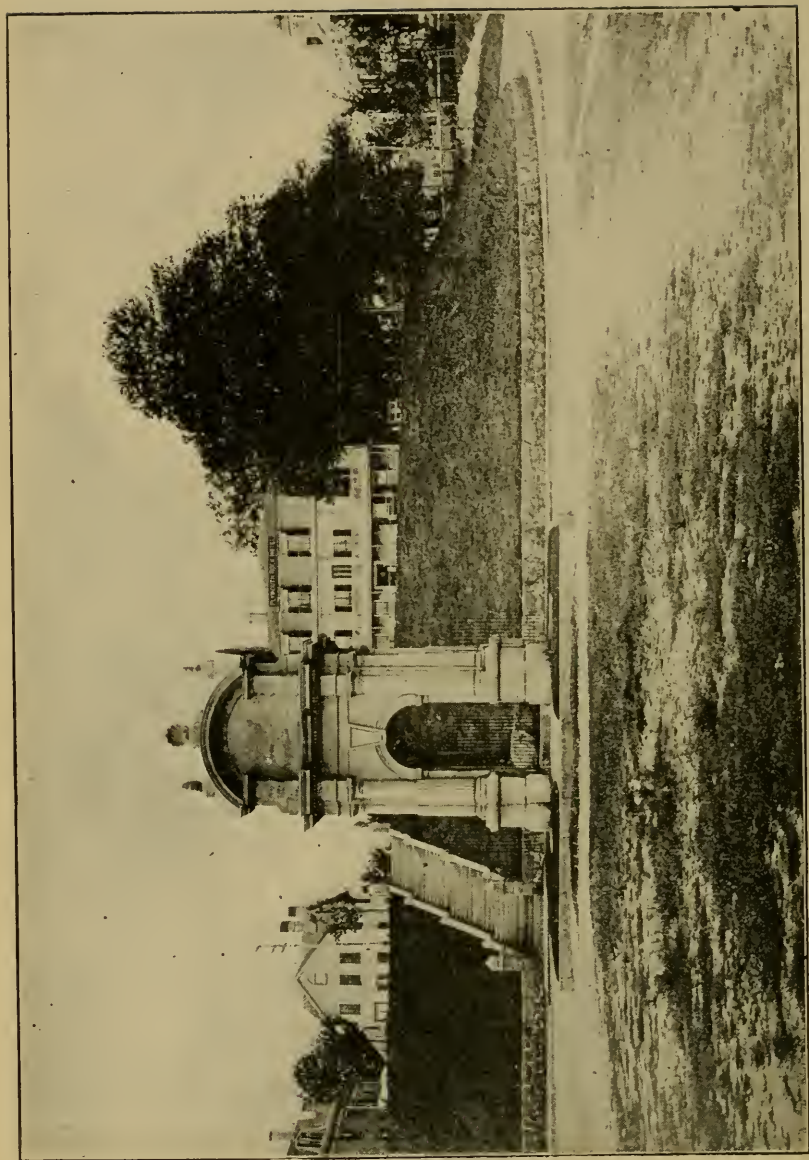
Explain the meaning of the expression “the corner-stone of a
nation.”

At Plymouth Rock, Plymouth, Massachusetts, the Pilgrims
landed.

LINE 547, Stephen Hopkins, Richard Warren, and Gilbert
Winslow.

MASTER, Commander of a merchant vessel.

Mr. Jones was master or captain of the Mayflower.



THE CANOPY OVER PLYMOUTH ROCK

Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift
to the eastward,
Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of ocean
about him,
Speaking with this one and that, and cramming letters
and parcels 555
Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled to-
gether
Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewil-
dered.
Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on
the gunwale,
One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with
the sailors,
Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for
starting. 560
He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his
anguish,
Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is
or canvas,
Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise
and pursue him.
But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of
Priscilla
Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that
was passing. 565

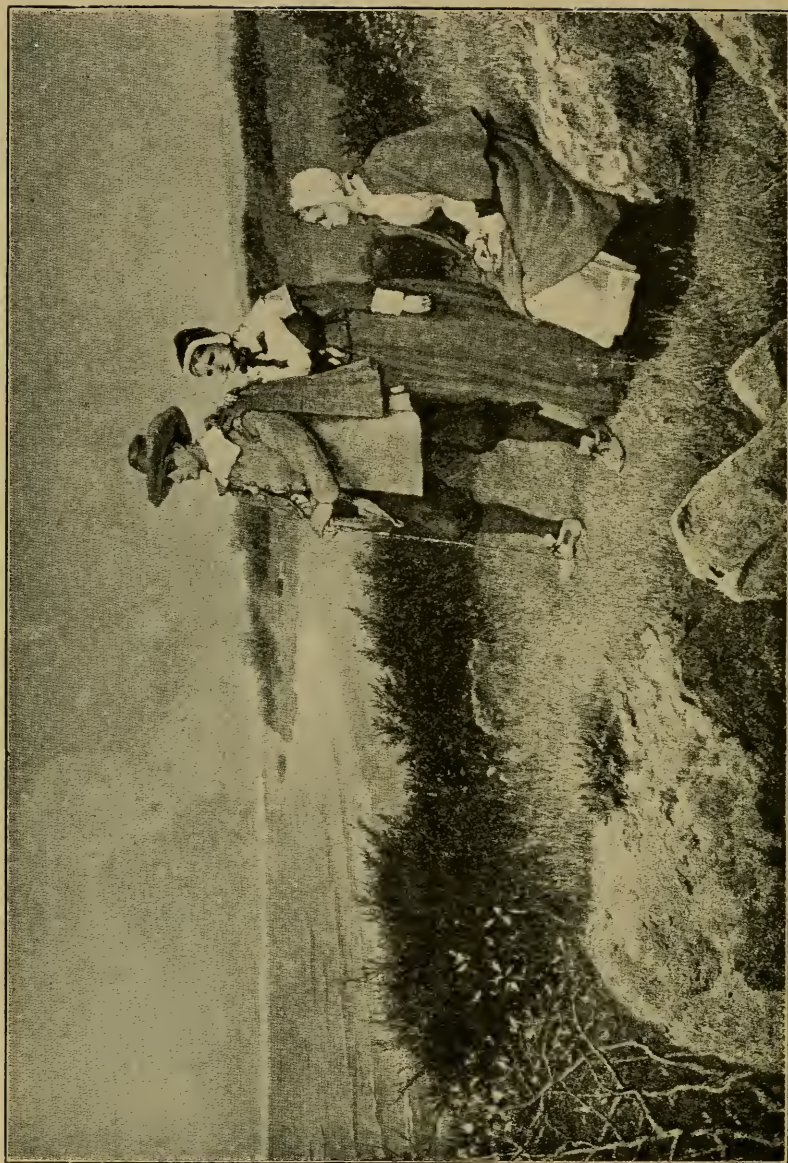
GUNWALE, The upper edge of a vessel's or boat's side.

THWARTS, a seat in an open boat reaching from one side to the other.

Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention,
Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring,
and patient,
That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from
its purpose,
As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is
destruction.
Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious
instincts! 570
Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall
adamantine!
“Here I remain!” he exclaimed, as he looked at the
heavens above him,
Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the
mist and the madness,
Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering
headlong. 575
“Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether
above me,
Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over
the ocean.
There is another hand, that is not so spectral and
ghost-like,
Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for
protection.
Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the
ether! 580

Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me;
I heed not
Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil!
There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so
wholesome,
As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed
by her footsteps.
Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible
presence 585
Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting her
weakness;
Yes, as my foot was the first that stepped on this
rock at the landing,
So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the
leaving! "

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air
and important,
Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and
the weather, 590
Walked about on the sands, and the people crowded
around him
Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful re-
membrance.
Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping
a tiller,
Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his
vessel,
Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and
flurry, 595



PILGRIM EXILES

Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and
sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but
Gospel!
Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of
the Pilgrims.
O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the
Mayflower!
No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this
ploughing! 600

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of
the sailors
Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponder-
ous anchor.
Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the
west-wind,
Blowing steady and strong; and the **Mayflower** sailed
from the harbor,
Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to
the southward 605
Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First
Encounter,
Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open
Atlantic,

THE GURNET, a headland at the entrance to Plymouth Harbor.
ISLAND, Clark's Island.

CAPE OF SAND, Cape Cod.

FIELD OF THE FIRST ENCOUNTER, where the exploring party
had their first encounter with the Indians. See Map, page 109.

Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts
of the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of
the vessel,
Much endeared to them all, as something living and
human; 610
Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Said, "Let us pray!" and they prayed, and thanked
the Lord and took courage.
Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock,
and above them
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death,
and their kindred 615
Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the
prayer that they uttered.
Sun-illuminated and white, on the eastern verge of the
ocean
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a
graveyard;
Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping.
Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an
Indian, 620
Watching them from the hill; but while they spake
with each other,

Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, "Look!"
he had vanished.
So they returned to their homes; but Alden lingered
a little,
Musing alone on the shore and watching the wash of
the billows
Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash
of the sunshine, 625
Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.

VI

PRISCILLA

Thus for a while he stood, and mused by the shore
of the ocean,
Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla;
And as if thought had the power to draw to itself, like
the loadstone,
Whatsoever it touches, by subtile laws of its nature, 630
Lo! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing
beside him.

"Are you so much offended, you will not speak to
me?" said she.
"Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when you
were pleading
Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive
and wayward,

Pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful perhaps
of decorum? 635

Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly,
for saying

What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never
unsay it;

For there are moments in life when the heart is so
full of emotion,

That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like
a pebble

Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its
secret, 640

Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered
together.

Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard you speak of
Miles Standish,

Praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into
virtues,

Praising his courage and strength, and even his fight-
ing in Flanders,

As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a
woman, 645

Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalting
your hero.

Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible im-
pulse.

You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friend-
ship between us,

Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily
broken!"

Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the
friend of Miles Standish: 650

“I was not angry with you, with myself alone I was
angry,

Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my
keeping.”

“No!” interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt
and decisive;

“No; you were angry with me, for speaking so frankly
and freely.

It was wrong, I acknowledge; for it is the fate of a
woman 655

Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost
that is speechless,

Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its
silence.

Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women
Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean
rivers

Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, un-
seen, and unfruitful, 660

Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and prof-
itless murmurs.”

Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the
lover of women:

“Heaven forbid it, Priscilla; and truly they seem to
me always

SUBTERRANEAN RIVERS, the classic Alpheus, a river in the
Peloponnesus which flowed for some distance underground. See
Coleridge's *Vision of Kubla Khan*.

More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden
of Eden,

More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of
Havilah flowing, 665

Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of
the garden!"

"Ah, by these words, I can see," again interrupted
the maiden,

"How very little you prize me, or care for what I am
saying.

When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with
secret misgiving,

Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only and
kindness, 670

Straightway you take up my words, that are plain and
direct and in earnest,

Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with
flattering phrases.

This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best
that is in you;

For I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature
is noble,

Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level. 675

Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it perhaps
the more keenly

If you say aught that implies I am only as one among
many,

BEAUTIFUL RIVERS, the Gihon, the Hiddekel, and the Eu-
phrates.

If you make use of those common and complimentary
phrases
Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with
women,
But which women reject as insipid, if not as insult-
ing.” 680

Mute and amazed was Alden; and listened and
looked at Priscilla,
Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more di-
vine in her beauty.
He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause of
another,
Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in
vain for an answer.
So the maiden went on, and little divined or im-
agined 685
What was at work in his heart, that made him so
awkward and speechless.
“Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we
think, and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred profes-
sions of friendship.
It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare it:
I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with
you always. 690
So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted to
hear you
Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the
Captain Miles Standish.



JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA

For I must tell you the truth: much more to me is
your friendship
Than all the love he could give, were he twice the
hero you think him."
Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly
grasped it, 695
Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and
bleeding so sorely,
Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with
a voice full of feeling:
"Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who offer
you friendship
Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and
dearest!"

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of
the Mayflower 700
Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the horizon,
Homeward together they walked, with a strange, in-
definite feeling,
That all the rest had departed and left them alone in
the desert.
But, as they went through the fields in the blessing
and smile of the sunshine,
Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very
archly: 705
"Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit
of the Indians,
Where he is happier far than he would be command-
ing a household,

You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that happened between you,

When you returned last night, and said how ungrateful you found me."

Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of the story,— 710

Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of Miles Standish.

Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing and earnest,

"He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment!"

But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how much he had suffered,—

How he had even determined to sail that day in the Mayflower, 715

And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that threatened,—

All her manner was changed, and she said with a faltering accent,

"Truly I thank you for this: how good you have been to me always!"

Thus, as a pilgrim devout, who toward Jerusalem journeys,

Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly backward, 720

Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs of contrition;

Slowly, but steadily onward, receding yet ever advancing,

Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of his
 longings,
 Urged by the fervor of love, and withheld by remorse-
 ful misgivings.

VII

THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH

Meanwhile the stalwart Miles Standish was marching
 steadily northward, 725
 Winding through forest and swamp, and along the
 trend of the sea-shore,
 All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger
 Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous
 odor of powder
 Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents
 of the forest.
 Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his
 discomfort; 730
 He who was used to success, and to easy victories
 always,
 Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by
 a maiden,

Another instance of poetic license. This march really took place in March, 1623.

LINE 723, religious pilgrimages from western Europe to Jerusalem.

Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom
most he had trusted!

Ah! 'twas too much to be borne, and he fretted and
chafed in his armor!

“I alone am to blame,” he muttered, “for mine was
the folly, 735

What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray
in the harness,

Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing
of maidens?

'Twas but a dream,—let it pass,—let it vanish like
so many others!

What I thought was a flower is only a weed and is
worthless;

Out of my heart will I pluck it and throw it away,
and henceforward 740

Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of dan-
gers.”

Thus he revolved in his mind the sorry defeat and dis-
comfort,

While he was marching by day or lying at night in
the forest,

Looking up at the trees and the constellations beyond
them.

After a three days' march he came to an Indian
encampment 745

Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and
the forest;

Women at work by the tents, and warriors, horrid
 with war-paint,
 Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking to-
 gether;
 Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach
 of the white men,
 Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and sabre and
 musket, 750
 Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among
 them advancing,
 Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as
 a present;
 Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there
 was hatred.
 Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers, gigantic
 in stature,
 Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of
 Bashan; 755
 One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called
 Wattawamat.
 Round their necks were suspended their knives in
 scabbards of wampun,
 Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as
 a needle.
 Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and
 crafty.
 "Welcome English!" they said,— these words they
 had learned from the traders 760

GOLIATH, See I Samuel xvii, 4, 7.

OG, See Deuteronomy, iii, 11.

Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer
for peltries.

Then in their native tongue they began to parley with
Standish,

Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend
of the white man,

Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for mus-
kets and powder,

Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the
plague, in his cellars, 765

Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother, the red
man!

But when Standish refused, and said he would give
them the Bible,

Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and
to bluster.

Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of
the other,

And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spake to
the Captain: 770

“ Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the
Captain,

Angry is he in his heart; but the heart of the brave
Wattawamat

Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a wo-
man,

But on a mountain, at night, from an oak-tree riven
by lightning,

Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons
about him, 775

Shouting, ' Who is there here to fight with the brave
Wattawamat?' "

Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade
on his left hand,

Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the
handle,

Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister
meaning:

" I have another at home, with the face of a man on
the handle; 780

By and by they shall marry; and there will be plenty
of children!"

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting
Miles Standish;

While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung
at his bosom,

Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back,
as he muttered,

" By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ha! but
shall speak not! 785

This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent
to destroy us!

He is a little man; let him go and work with the
women!"

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures
of Indians

Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the
forest,

Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their
bow-strings, 790

Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of
their ambush.

But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated
them smoothly;

So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days
of the fathers.

But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt
and the insult,

All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurs-
ton de Standish, 795

Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins
of his temples.

Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his
knife from its scabbard,

Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the
savage

Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness
upon it.

Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound
of the war-whoop, 800

And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of
December,

Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery
arrows.

Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud
came the lightning,

Out of the lightning thunder; and death unseen ran
before it.

Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp and
 in thicket, 805
 Hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem, the brave
 Wattawamat,
 Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had
 a bullet
 Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands
 clutching the greensward,
 Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of
 his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors
 lay, and above them, 810
 Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of
 the white man.
 Smiling at length he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain
 of Plymouth:
 "Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his
 strength and his stature,—
 Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little
 man; but I see now
 Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before
 you!" 815

"Hobbamock stood by all this time as a spectator, and meddled not, observing how our men demeaned themselves in this action. All being here ended, smiling, he brake forth into these speeches to the Captain: 'Yesterday Pecksuot, bragging of his own strength and stature, said, though you were a great captain, yet you were but a little man; but to-day I see you are big enough to lay him on the ground.'"—Winslow's *Relation*.

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the
stalwart Miles Standish.
When the tidings thereof were brought to the village
of Plymouth,
And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wat-
tawamat
Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once
was a church and a fortress,
All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and
took courage. 820
Only Priscilla averted her face from the spectre of
terror,
Thanking God in her heart that she had not married
Miles Standish;
Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from his
battles,
He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and re-
ward of his valor.

VIII

THE SPINNING WHEEL

Month after month passed away, and in the autumn the
ships of the merchants 825
Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn
for the Pilgrims.

The "Anne" and the "Little James" arrived Aug. 16, 1623.
On these two vessels there were 96 new settlers. As several of
these arrivals were the wives, children, and kindred of the earlier

All in the village was peace; the men were intent on
their labors,

Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and
with merestead,

Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the grass
in the meadows,

Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in
the forest. 830

All in the village was peace; but at times the rumor
of warfare

Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of
danger.

Bravely the stalwart Standish was scouring the land
with his forces,

Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien armies,
Till his name had become a sound of fear to the
nations. 835

Anger was still in his heart, but at times the remorse
and contrition

Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate out-
break,

settlers, many families were now reunited. Among them were the two daughters of Elder Brewster, the wife of Samuel Fuller, Mrs. Alice Southworth, who afterwards married Governor Bradford, and Barbara, her last name being unknown, who later became the wife of Miles Standish.

On November 19, 1621, the "Fortune," a small vessel of 51 tons, unexpectedly arrived with 35 new settlers.

MERESTEAD, Mere, boundary; stead, place; a bounded portion of land.



LEYDEN STREET, PLYMOUTH, TO-DAY

Came like a rising tide, that encounters the rush of a
river,
Staying its current awhile, but making it bitter and
brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new
habitation, 840
Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the firs
of the forest.
Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered
with rushes;
Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were
of paper,
Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were ex-
cluded.
There too he dug a well, and around it planted an
orchard: 845
Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well
and the orchard.
Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and
secure from annoyance,
Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that had fallen to Al-
den's allotment
In the division of cattle, might ruminatè in the night-
time
Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet
pennyroyal. 850

Oft when his labor was finished, with eager feet
would the dreamer

Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the
house of Priscilla,
Led by illusions romantic and subtile deceptions of
fancy,
Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance
of friendship.
Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls
of his dwelling; 855
Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil of
his garden;
Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on
Sunday
Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in
the Proverbs,—
How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her
always,
How all the days of her life she will do him good, and
not evil, 860
How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh
with gladness,
How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth
the distaff,
How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her
household,
Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet
cloth of her weaving!

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the
Autumn, 865

Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexter-
 ous fingers,
 As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life
 and his fortune,
 After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of
 the spindle.
 " Truly, Priscilla," he said, " when I see you spinning
 and spinning,
 Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of
 others, 870
 Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in
 a moment;
 You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful
 Spinner."
 Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and
 swifter; the spindle
 Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short
 in her fingers;
 While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mis-
 chief, continued:
 " You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen
 of Helvetia;
 She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of
 Southampton,
 Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley and
 meadow and mountain,

HELVETIA, ancient name for Switzerland. The legend of
 Bertha is given in a monograph entitled, *Bertha die Spinnerin*,
 by Karl Joseph Simrock, 1853.

Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to
her saddle.

She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed
into a proverb. 880

So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel
shall no longer

Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers
with music.

Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was
in their childhood,

Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla
the spinner!"

Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan
maiden, 885

Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose
praise was the sweetest,

Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her
spinning,

Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering
phrases of Alden:

"Come, you must not be idle; if I am a pattern for
housewives,

Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of
husbands. 890

Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready
for knitting;

Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have
changed and the manners,

Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times
of John Alden!"

Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands
she adjusted,
He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended
before him, 895
She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread
from his fingers,
Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,
Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled
expertly
Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares—for how could
she help it?—
Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his
body. 900

Lo! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger
entered,
Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the
village.
Yes; Miles Standish was dead!—an Indian had brought
them the tidings,—
Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of
the battle,
Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole of
his forces; 905
All the town would be burned, and all the people be
murdered!
Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts
of the hearers.
Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face looking
backward

Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in
horror;

But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the ar-
row 910

Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own
and had sundered

Once and forever the bonds that held him bound as a
captive,

Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of
his freedom,

Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he
was doing,

Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form of
Priscilla, 915

Pressing her close to his heart, as forever his own,
and exclaiming:

“Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put
them asunder!”

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate
sources,

Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks,
and pursuing

Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and
nearer, 920

Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the
forest;

So these lives that had run thus far in separate
channels,

Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and
flowing asunder,
Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and
nearer,
Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the
other. 925

IX

THE WEDDING-DAY

Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of
purple and scarlet,
Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his garments
resplendent,
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his fore-
head,
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pome-
granates.
Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor
beneath him 930
Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet
was a laver!

For a description of the Jewish high-priest and his dress, see
Exodus, chapter xxviii.

See Exodus xxx, 17-19.

“May 12 was the first marriage in this place, which, according
to the laudable custome of the Low-Cuntries, in which they had
lived, was thought most requisite to be performed by the magis-

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan
maiden.

Friends were assembled together; the Elder and
Magistrate also

Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like
the Law and the Gospel,

One with the sanction of earth and one with the bless-
ing of heaven. 935

Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth
and of Boaz.

Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words
of betrothal,

Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magis-
trate's presence,

After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of
Holland.

Fervently then and devoutly, the excellent Elder of
Plymouth 940

Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded
that day in affection,

trate, as being a civill thing, upon which many questions aboute inheritances doe depende, with other things most proper to their cognizans, and most consonante to the scripturs, Ruth 4, and no wher found in the gospell to be layed on the ministers as a part of their office."—Bradford's *History*, p. 101.

LINE 936, See Ruth iv, 11, 12.

WEDDING MORN, The third wedding in the colony; Winslow's being first and John Howland and Elizabeth Tilly being the second.

Speaking of life and of death, and imploring Divine
benedictions.

Lo! when the service was ended, a form appeared
on the threshold,
Clad in armor of steel, a sombre and sorrowful figure!
Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the
strange apparition? 945
Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her face on
his shoulder?
Is it a phantom of air,—a bodiless, spectral illu-
sion?
Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid
the betrothal?
Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, un-
welcomed;
Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an ex-
pression 950
Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart
hidden beneath them,
As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain
cloud
Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its
brightness.
Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but
was silent,
As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting inten-
tion. 955
But when were ended the troth and the prayer and
the last benediction,

Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with
amazement

Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the Captain
of Plymouth!

Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion,
"Forgive me!

I have been angry and hurt,—too long have I cher-
ished the feeling; 960

I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God! it
is ended.

Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of
Hugh Standish,

Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for
error.

Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend
of John Alden."

Thereupon answered the bridegroom: "Let all be
forgotten between us,— 965

All save the dear old friendship, and that shall grow
older, and dearer!"

Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Pris-
cilla,

Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry
in England,

Something of camp and of court, of town and of
country commingled,

Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding
her husband. 970

Then he said with a smile: "I should have remem-
bered the adage,—

If you would be well served, you must serve yourself;
and moreover,
No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of
Christmas!"

Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet
their rejoicing,
Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of their
Captain 975
Whom they had mourned as dead; and they gathered
and crowded about him,
Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and
of bridegroom,
Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupt-
ing the other,
Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpow-
ered and bewildered,
He had rather by far break into an Indian encamp-
ment, 980
Than come again to a wedding to which he had not
been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood
with the bride at the doorway,
Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beauti-
ful morning.
Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in
the sunshine,

Lay extended before them the land of toil and priva-
tion; 985
There were the graves of the dead, and the barren
waste of the sea-shore,
There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the
meadows;
But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Gar-
den of Eden.
Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the
sound of the ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and
stir of departure, 990
Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient
of longer delaying,
Each with his plan for the day and the work that was
left uncompleted.
Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of
wonder,
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud
of Priscilla,
Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of
its master, 995
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nos-
trils,
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for
a saddle.
She should not walk, he said, through the dust and
heat of the noonday;

Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like
a peasant.

Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the
others, 1000

Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand
of her husband,

Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her pal-
frey.

"Nothing is wanting now," he said with a smile, "but
the distaff;

Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful
Bertha!"

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their
new habitation, 1005

Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing to-
gether.

Pleasantly murmured the brook as they crossed the
ford in the forest,

Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of
love through its bosom,

Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the
azure abysses.

Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring
his splendors, 1010

Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above
them suspended,

Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the
pine and the fir-tree,

Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley
of Eshcol.

Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral
ages,

Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Re-
becca and Isaac, 1015

Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful
always,

Love immortal and young in the endless succession of
lovers.

So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the
bridal procession.

LINE 1013, See Numbers XIII, 23 and 24.

LINE 1015, See Genesis XXIV.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

HIS ANCESTRY

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born February 27, 1807, in Portland, Maine, which he calls "the beautiful town that is seated by the sea." His father was Stephen Longfellow, a graduate of Harvard College, a prominent lawyer in Portland and at one time a member of Congress. His mother was Zilpah Wadsworth, a beautiful woman, fond of music, poetry, and social life. On his mother's side the poet traced his ancestral line to John Alden and Priscilla Mullen, whom he immortalized in "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Henry Wadsworth, the second son, was named after his maternal uncle, a lieutenant in the American navy.

HIS COLLEGE DAYS

His home was in every way favorable to the development of a love for literature. He was surrounded by books and an atmosphere of culture and refinement.

He prepared himself for college at the Portland Academy, and in his fourteenth year was sent to Bowdoin College where he became a member of the famous class of 1825. Some of his classmates were: Nathaniel Hawthorne, the novelist; John S. C. Abbott, a clergyman and writer; George B. Cheever, the eminent lecturer; and Edward Preble, son of Commodore Preble. The year, 1821, that Longfellow entered college, William Cullen Bryant published his first volume of poems and James Fenimore Cooper, his novel, *The Spy*. His translation in the Sophomore

year of one of Horace's Odes secured later a professorship in his Alma Mater. He was a close student and ranked second in a class of thirty-seven.

BOWDOIN PROFESSORSHIP

Upon graduation from Bowdoin, when he was but nineteen years of age, the trustees offered him the newly created professorship of modern languages, which he gladly accepted. He spent three years in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany preparing for his work, and returned to Bowdoin, where he remained for five years at an annual salary of a thousand dollars. He taught four modern languages and prepared his own text-books in French, Spanish, and Italian.

One of the fruits of his European study was a little book in prose which he called *Outre Mer*. It is made up of a series of sketches in the manner of Irving's *Sketch Book*.

In 1831 he married Miss Mary Storer Potter, of Portland, a lady of rare beauty and of exceptional culture. Their happy married life lasted just four years. On his second visit to Europe she accompanied him and died suddenly at Rotterdam in November, 1835. She is the "being beauteous" commemorated in the poem, "The Footsteps of Angels."

HARVARD PROFESSORSHIP

Longfellow's reputation as a teacher and as a writer was not confined to Bowdoin. He was looked upon as a teacher of rare ability and as a rising man in the world of letters. He was called to Harvard as professor of modern languages and belles-lettres to succeed George Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature. Before entering upon his duties at Harvard, he went abroad the second time to study the Scandinavian tongues. At Interlaken, he became acquainted with Miss Frances Appleton, who inspired the writing of his romance, *Hyperion*. In this story Miss Appleton appears as Mary Ashburton, and the poet as Paul Fleming.

HIS CAMBRIDGE HOME

In 1836 he returned to his duties at Harvard, and took up his residence in the Craigie House in Cambridge. This famous house belonged to an eccentric widow who supported herself by lodgers and was prejudiced against students. She consented to accept Longfellow as a boarder upon his assurance that he was not a student, and as a mark of special honor assigned him the room General George Washington had occupied. The Craigie House is the most historic house in New England save Faneuil Hall. It is a fine example of colonial architecture; guarded by stately poplars and commands a fine view of the Charles River. It was the headquarters of General Washington for nine months after the battle of Bunker Hill; Tallyrand and Lafayette had slept in the house; Jared Sparks, President of Harvard College, had kept house in it; Edward Everett and Joseph E. Worcester, the lexicographer, lodged here with Mrs. Craigie; but it was destined to become still more illustrious as the home of America's most popular poet, the laureate of the common human heart. Upon the poet's marriage to Miss Appleton this famous house was presented as a marriage present to the bride by her father, and it became Longfellow's home for forty years. "Here the poet received cordially his most distinguished foreign visitors and the humblest child admirer." In 1861 the poet suffered a great loss through the tragic death by fire of his wife. She was buried on the anniversary of her wedding-day. The poet was too severely injured in trying to subdue the flames to attend her funeral. No direct mention of his loss appeared in his later poetry, but this bears a sadder tone. His translation of Dante became the poet's solace.

For seventeen years Longfellow faithfully discharged his duties as the head of the department of modern languages, giving no less than seventy lectures a year. On his seventy-second birthday, February 27, 1879, the school-children of Cambridge presented the poet with a chair made from the wood of the "Village Blacksmith's" chestnut tree, and called forth the

poem, "From My Arm Chair." Longfellow's last years were eventless. Nine days before his death he completed his last poem, "The Bells of San Blas," the spirit of which was in harmony with his whole life:

"Out of the shadows of the night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere."

HIS DEATH

On March 24, 1882, he passed away. There was mourning in two continents. A palm branch and a passion flower were laid upon the casket. At the service verses from "Hiawatha" were read, beginning,

"He is dead, the sweet musician."

THE CHRONOLOGY OF LONGFELLOW'S BOOKS

POETRY AND PROSE

- 1833. *Outre Mer*. A young poet's sketch-book.
- 1839. *Voices of the Night*. The volume that established his name as a poet. Its most popular poem, *The Psalm of Life*.
- 1839. *Hyperion*. A Romance. Hyperion is another sketch-book, but it is richer and more mature than *Outre Mer*.
- 1841. *Ballads and Other Poems*. It included such popular poems as *The Skeleton in Armor*, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, *The Village Blacksmith*, *Excelsior*, and *The Rainy Day*.
- 1843. *Spanish Student*. A three-act play.
- 1845. *Poets and Poetry of Europe*. Selections from 360 authors.
- 1846. *Belfrey of Bruges and Other Poems*. It included five popular poems: *To a Child*, *Nuremberg*, *The Day is Done*, *The Bridge*, and *The Old Clock on the Stairs*.
- 1847. *Evangeline*. The Flower of American idyls. Longfellow's representative poem and his favorite among his own writings.

1849. *Kavanagh*. A tale of New England life.
1850. *The Seaside and the Fireside*. The most striking poems are *The Building of the Ship* and *Resignation*.
1851. *The Golden Legend*. Intended to illustrate Christianity in the Middle Ages.
1855. *Hiawatha*. America's national epic poem. "Like Arthur, Hiawatha seeks to redeem his kingdom from savagery and to teach the blessings of peace."
1858. *Courtship of Miles Standish*. The Plymouth idyl. A Colonial Romance.
- 1865-74. *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. The several poems appeared from time to time during a period of ten years. The plan of the poem is similar to Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. In the poems there are seven narrators: The poet (T. W. Parsons), The Sicilian (Luigi Monti), the Musician (Ole Bull), the Student (Dr. Henry Wales), the Theologian (Prof. Daniel Treadwell of Harvard), the Spanish Jew (Israel Edrehi), the Landlord (Squire Lyman Howe).
1867. Translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy*.
1872. *Christus*. A trilogy. The poet worked more than twenty years on this production. The three parts:
- a. The Divine Tragedy (1871).
 - b. The Golden Legend (1851).
 - c. New England Tragedies.
 1. John Endicott (story of Quaker persecution).
 2. Giles Corey of the Salem Farms—a story of witchcraft.
1872. *The Three Books of Song*.
1873. *Aftermath*.
1874. *The Hanging of the Crane*. A picture of domestic life called forth by a visit of the poet to Thomas B. Aldrich and his newly wedded wife in their home.
1875. *Morituri Salutamus*. A noble poem read at the fiftieth anniversary of his class at Bowdoin.
1875. *The Masque of Pandora*. The story is that of Hawthorne's *Paradise of Children*.

1878. *Keramos* (potter's clay).

1880. *Ultima Thule*.

1882. *In the Harbor*. A posthumous volume of poems.

HISTORICAL BACKGROUND OF THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

THE PILGRIMS IN ENGLAND

In order to understand this poem and to form a just appreciation of it, we must know something about the little band of religious exiles who, for conscience' sake, gave up their homes in England and settled in Holland, and who, twelve years later, severed the ties of their race, emigrated to America, and bravely faced the dangers of the sea and the forest so that they and their children could enjoy religious freedom and free institutions. Priscilla, John Alden, Miles Standish, William Bradford, Edward Winslow, and Elder Brewster formed a part of the community that settled on New England's "high and rock-bound coast." Who were these God-fearing people? from what country did they come? what prompted them to cast their fortunes into one common lot, and what inspired them to settle in an unknown wilderness?—are some of the questions that we want to know in order to be able to place a just estimate upon the character of these men and women who "laid the corner-stone of a new nation."

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth there were a great many people who were not satisfied with the doctrines and ritual of the English Church. They wished to simplify some of the forms and to drop some of the ceremonies. This they considered purifying the church, and for this reason they were called Puritans. Nearly all of the Puritans had no intention of leaving the church of England; they wished to stay in it and purify it from within. As early as 1567 a small number of clergymen gave up all hope of purifying the service in accordance with their own ideas, and decided to separate from the church and to hold religious exercises in private houses. In 1580 a clergyman named Brown went about the country advocating the policy of separation, and those

who adopted it were called Separatists or Brownists. Among other things, they did not believe in having bishops to rule over them. Some went so far as to deny that the queen was not the head of the church. This kind of talk caused the Separatists to be accused of treason; many of them were cast into prison; some were hanged; and Brown fled from England. Notwithstanding these persecutions many Puritans in London, in the eastern and southern counties, became converts and formed Separatist churches.

In 1606, at Scrooby, a hamlet in Nottinghamshire, William Brewster and William Bradford organized a Separatist church. Brewster lived in Scrooby, and upon the death of his father received the appointment of postmaster of the village. Bradford lived in Austerfield, a small village about three miles north of Scrooby. At this time Bradford was a young man of seventeen, and twenty-three years Brewster's junior. Richard Clyfton, a godly man who had lost the rectorship of the Babworth church by refusing to subscribe to the canons of the Established Church, was head of the Scrooby congregation. John Robinson, a young man of thirty-seven years of age, was chosen as Clyfton's colleague. The Scrooby congregation worshipped in Brewster's house. Before the Scrooby congregation had been organized, Queen Elizabeth had died and James I became King. When it became known to the authorities that Brewster was a Separatist, his commission as postmaster was taken from him; a warrant was issued for his arrest, accusing him of being a Brownist. William Bradford was also sought after by the king's officers, and tradition is responsible for the story that he escaped by hiding in a copper cauldron in the cellar of his house.

Finding that they were continually "spied upon," harrassed and persecuted, the Scrooby congregation finally resolved to emigrate to the Low Countries, where they were assured they would find an asylum and religious toleration.

In October, 1607, an attempt was made to go secretly to Holland. A chartered vessel was at Boston, but the captain betrayed them. They were taken before magistrates, and the

majority of them, after being detained for a month, were released. A second attempt to escape from England was made one year later. "In the course of time," says Bradford, "they all gatt over at length, some at one time and some at another and some in one place and some in another, mette togeather againe according to their desires, with no small rejoycing."

THE PILGRIMS IN HOLLAND

After reaching Holland, these fugitives decided to settle in Amsterdam, believing that they would have greater opportunities there for getting employment. They tarried but a few months in Amsterdam, fearing to become involved in a bitter controversy between two factions of the Church of England, previously established there. They resolved to go to Leyden. As the means of the wealthy men had been spent for the common good, it now became necessary for each male member to earn his living whichever way he could. Bradford apprenticed himself to a weaver; others turned to such trades as hatters, carpenters, brewers, spinners, combers, bakers, and masons. Rev. John Robinson, a man gifted in learning as well as in spiritual affairs, was "a common father to them all." To assist in the increasing work of the church, William Brewster was chosen as assistant pastor and Elder. Every Sunday and twice each week John Robinson expounded the doctrines of the church in a small-roomed chapel. In the course of twelve years' residence in Leyden the congregation grew to three hundred communicants. Among those who joined and became prominent in the history of this country were Edward Winslow, a young man of leisure who happened to be traveling through the country, and Miles Standish, a soldier of fortune, who had come to the Low Countries in Queen Elizabeth's army.

"To Robinson, Brewster, Bradford, and these two men, not only a great nation but the civilized world owes a debt it can never repay. Each was a man of mark; the first, a deep thinker and a born leader of men; the second, a man of refinement whose

religious faith was so deep that no sacrifice was too great to make; the third, a man with executive powers that made him the head of the colony in America, and for many years its governor; the fourth, its ablest financier, and a man whose ability later became appreciated by the English government; and the fifth, a soldier whose courage and sound common sense more than once saved the colony from extermination by the Indians."¹

The Pilgrims were not destined to remain in Holland. Their period of probation had ended. "Their life in Holland under the pressure of common necessities, of common burdens, and at last of a common destiny, molded them into a community in which labor became the foundation on which was reared that equality of rights and powers which became the recognized law. Without this period of probation their efforts at colonization would have been a failure—or if not a failure, would have planted the seed of an autocratic government on these shores."²

The elder members of the congregation decided that it would be better for them to remove from Holland. They were prompted to take this step for the following reasons:

First, The unhealthiness of the low countries.

Second, The difficulty of earning a living.

Third, The intermarriages of their children with the Dutch, which would eventually absorb them and cause them to lose their identity.

Fourth, The apprehension of war at the conclusion of the truce between Spain and Holland, which was near its close.

Fifth, Fear that the young men would enter into military and naval service.

Sixth, The contaminating influences of city life.

Seventh, Their hope of laying some foundation for propagating the Gospel in heathen lands.

Naturally, their thoughts turned to America. The great problem that confronted them was how to raise funds for the under-

¹ *Our Pilgrims*, by Hanks.

² *History of Plymouth*, by Davis.

taking, as many of them were very poor. The Pilgrims sent John Carver and Robert Cushman to England to negotiate with either the North or the South Virginia Company. Their negotiations fell through, and eventually a stock company was formed of seventy London "merchant adventurers." This company agreed to furnish transportation and capital for the enterprise. Carver and Cushman found it very easy to get a grant of land, but it was not so easy for them to get the consent of the king for religious liberty. The king was willing to give his personal consent, but refused the royal seal. The terms imposed by this London Company were very harsh. In payment for this loan, the colonists were obliged to mortgage their labor for seven years, during which time all profits and benefits from trade, trucking, working, fishing, or any other services of any person or persons were to be turned into the common fund. At the end of seven years the capital and profit, the homes, lands, and chattels were to be divided equally between the adventurers and the planters.

Meanwhile the *Speedwell*, a small 60-ton vessel which had been bought and had been fitted out in Holland, lay at the quay at Delft Haven ready to carry the Emigrants to England. It was the intention of the colonists to use her after the voyage for a fishing-boat. A letter came from Cushman saying that the *Mayflower*, a vessel of 180 tons, had been chartered to convey the company to America. It was finally decided that only the younger and stronger members of the colony should go, the others to remain and to follow at some later time. It was also agreed that Pastor Robinson should remain with his flock at Leyden, and that Elder Brewster should go and become the head of the church in America. On or about the 22d day of July they set sail from Delft Haven in the *Speedwell* to meet her consort, the *Mayflower*, at Southampton.

THE PILGRIMS ON THE MAYFLOWER

We are indebted to Governor Carver for the only authentic account of this voyage, which took (including both day of departure and day of arrival) sixty-seven days. When the two vessels

sailed from Southampton on the 23d of August, with about 120 persons, they followed the southern shore of England. On the first night the Captain of the *Speedwell* reported that his vessel was leaking and both ships put into Dartmouth Harbor for repairs. Ten days later another start was made, and when they were 300 miles beyond Land's End, Captain Reynolds, of the *Speedwell*, claimed that his ship was so unseaworthy that both vessels sailed back to England and anchored in Plymouth Harbor. Many of the emigrants, especially those who came from London, lost courage and gave up the voyage. The *Speedwell* was abandoned and the overcrowded *Mayflower* sailed from Plymouth Harbor on September 16, 1620, with 102 emigrants.

On the sixty-sixth day after leaving England Cape Cod was sighted, and in tacking, they found themselves drifting on the shoals off the cape; they again changed their course and sailed into Provincetown Harbor on Saturday, November 21, 1620, and dropped anchor about a mile from shore.

According to the terms of the London Company, they were to settle far south of Cape Cod, at a point south of the Hudson river, probably on the Jersey or Delaware coast. They had landed on territory within the jurisdiction of Great Britain, without either a charter from the king or a patent from the Virginia Company. As the charter of the London Company did not cover any part of New England, some of the undesirable passengers were inclined to act as if they were independent of authority. To guard against anarchy, the leaders of the enterprise decided to make a government for themselves, and accordingly the same day, in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, 41 out of the 53 men entered into the following compact, giving equal rights to all:

THE COMPACT

"In the name of God, amen:

"We whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign Lord King James by the grace of God of Great Britain, France, Ireland, king, defender of the faith, etc., having

undertaken for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith and honor of our king, and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God, and one of another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices from time to time as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names at Cape Cod, the 11th of November, in the year of the reign of our sovereign lord King James of England, France and Ireland, the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fifty-fourth, Anno Domini, 1620.

Mr. John Carver.	John Turner.
William Bradford.	Francis Eaton.
Mr. Edward Winslow.	James Chilton.
Mr. William Brewster.	John Crackston.
Mr. Isaac Allerton.	John Billington.
Capt. Miles Standish.	Moses Fletcher.
John Alden.	John Goodman.
Mr. Samuel Fuller.	Degory Priest.
Mr. Christopher Martin.	Thomas Williams.
Mr. William Mullins.	Gilbert Winslow.
Mr. William White.	Edmond Margeson.
Mr. Richard Warren.	Peter Brown.
John Howland.	Richard Britteridge.
Mr. Stephen Hopkins.	George Soule.
Edward Tilly.	Richard Clarke.
John Tilly.	Richard Gardiner.
Francis Cooke.	John Allerton.
Thomas Rogers.	Thomas English.
Thomas Tinker.	Edward Doty.
John Ridgale.	Edward Leister.
Edward Fuller.	

After this, they elected Mr. John Carver governor for the year. It is unnecessary to dwell on the incidents while the Mayflower remained in Cape Cod Harbor. On Monday, the 23d of November, the women went ashore to do a "much-needed washing," and thus established the first wash day in New England. Several expeditions were undertaken to select a suitable site for the settlement; the first and second of these were fruitless. On the 16th of December, ten men and eight seamen again started out to find a larger harbor. On the second day they had their first encounter with the Indians mentioned in the poem. They spent the Sabbath on Clark's Island, so named after the mate of the shallop. They spent Monday sounding Ply-



THIRD EXPLORING EXPEDITION.



PLYMOUTH HARBOR.

mouth Harbor and exploring the shore. They finally decided in favor of Plymouth Harbor as the most suitable site, for the following reasons: a good harbor, cleared land upon which to erect their houses, a brook of wholesome water, and natural defenses from the Indians. "Monday, December 21, 1620, was the day of the landing of the shallop party on Plymouth Rock, and it is this event, and not the landing of the ship's party afterwards, which is celebrated as the landing of the Pilgrims—the birthday of New England." The exploring party had been absent about a week. Upon their return to the ship William Bradford, one of the exploring party, was met with the sad news that his young wife, Dorothy, had fallen overboard and drowned

during his absence. Another thing that had happened while the ship lay at Cape Cod was the birth of a son to William and Susannah White, quaintly christened Peregrine—the first English child born on the coast of New England.

By the end of the week the *Mayflower* was safely anchored in Plymouth Harbor, her voyage done, and her name immortalized in American history.

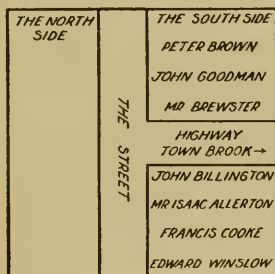
THE PILGRIMS AT PLYMOUTH

Having decided to locate at Plymouth in preference to Clark's island or at a site on Jones River, where Kingston now stands, preparations were made for building the town. On Saturday, January 3, 1621, the Pilgrims began to clear the lands for their new homes. A street was laid out running from the harbor to the hill, parallel with the little stream which they called the "Town Brook." The street was at first simply called "The Street"; later, when there were more streets, it was named "First Street"; and two hundred years later it received its present name, "Leyden Street." First, a common house was built, a building twenty feet square, to be used for a general meeting place and house of worship, and seven thatched roofed houses. In order to do away with the necessity of building so many houses, the company was divided into nineteen families, and each single man was assigned to some family. John Alden, for instance, was assigned to the family of Miles Standish. The construction of the common house was begun on Christmas day, nine days after the mooring of the *Mayflower* in the harbor; and on the following Sabbath the first religious services were held in the partly finished building.

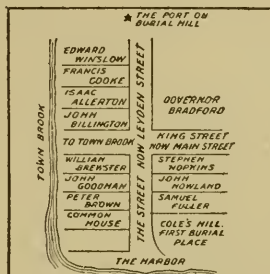
The hardships of the long voyage, poor food, and the lack of proper shelter during the first winter on that bleak coast had their natural effect. Hardly had the building begun when a fever broke out among them, and in the course of two or three months nearly half of their number had died.* The common house was converted into a hospital. Among those who died were Governor

Carver and Rose Standish, the delicate wife of Captain Miles Standish. At one time there were only seven persons in the colony well enough to care for the sick and the dying. It was during this distressful time that Elder Brewster and Miles Standish rendered heroic service in nursing the sick. Those who died were buried on a bluff overlooking the harbor, at a place now known as Cole's Hill. That the Indians might not know their losses, the graves were leveled and Indian corn was planted over the place of burial.

On February 24, 1621, the first town meeting in New England was held and civil government instituted; John Carver was elected Governor and Miles Standish, military Commander.



THE SEVEN HOUSES.



LEYDEN STREET.

Such laws as were necessary for the government of the colony were enacted.

One day in Spring an Indian entered their village with the greeting "Welcome, Englishmen." He was a chief named Samoset, who had learned some English words from the fishermen on the coast of Maine. He afterwards brought an Indian named Squanto, who had been carried by force to England years before and then brought back. Squanto stayed with the Pilgrims and taught them many useful things. One day Samoset made his appearance in the village and announced that Massasoit, the grand sachem of the tribes of Pokanoket, was on his way to pay a visit to Plymouth. He and his tribe camped on what is now

known as Watson's hill. He sent Squanto into the village with the message that he would like to have a conference. Winslow volunteered to go to the Indian camp. He assured Massasoit that the Pilgrims wanted him as their ally, and invited the chief to pay a visit to the white chief in the village. Leaving Winslow as a hostage, Massasoit with twenty of his braves marched down the hill to the Town Brook, where he was met by Captain Standish with six of his musketeers with military honors. This visit was of great importance to the colonists, for it resulted in a treaty being made with Massasoit, which was not broken for more than forty years.

TREATY WITH MASSASOIT AND THE COLONISTS

1. That neither he, nor any of his, should injure or do hurt to any of our people.

2. And if any of his did hurt to any of ours, he should send the offender to us that we might punish him.

3. That if any of our tools were taken away when our people were at work, he should cause them to be restored; and if ours did any harm to any of his, we would do the like to them.

4. If any did unjustly war against him, we would aid him. If any did war against us, he should aid us.

5. He should send to his neighboring confederates to certify them of this, that they might not wrong us, but might be comprised in the conditions of peace.

6. That when their men came to us they should leave their bows and arrows behind them, as we should do our pieces when we came to them.

7. Lastly, that doing this, King James would esteem of him as his friend and ally.

In April, 1621, the Mayflower returned to England but not one of the surviving Pilgrims went back in her. They had come to stay, and would not let their misfortunes drive them away. Soon after the departure of the Mayflower, the colony suffered

a great loss in the death of Governor Carver. William Bradford was then elected Governor.

During the first summer (1621) of Governor Bradford's administration 26 acres were planted and tilled; "the street" contained seven dwelling houses and four public buildings. A fine harvest had been gathered, and in view of this general prosperity, Governor Bradford appointed a day of Thanksgiving "that they might after a special manner rejoice together after they had gathered the fruits of their labor." By invitation, Massasoit with ninety of his braves came to the feast. For three days they feasted and entertained this company. Thus this great national festival of Thanksgiving was inaugurated in New England by 53 white men, women and children, and 91 Indians.

On November 19th the "Fortune" arrived from England with 35 persons to augment the colony. Before the spring of 1622 the colony began to feel the rigor of famine. In the midst of this distress, there were some Indian tribes that showed an unfriendly feeling. The Narragansetts, who, it is said could muster 5000 warriors, looked upon the white men as invaders of their hunting-grounds. They not only refused to sign a treaty of peace, but sent a bundle of arrows wrapped in a rattlesnake skin to Governor Bradford. Accepting this for what it was intended—a declaration of war—the Governor stuffed the rattlesnake skin full of powder and balls and returned it. The Narragansetts knew what this meant, and decided to defer a declaration of war. It was now deemed expedient to fortify the town. They surrounded it with a stockade and kept a guard day and night. Hearing of the massacre in Virginia, they erected an additional fort on the hill, with a flat roof on which the guns were mounted; the lower story served them for a place of worship.

During the summer two vessels, "The Anne" and "The Little James," arrived, bringing a reinforcement of sixty new colonists. Among those who came were Miss Alice Southworth, who in less than a fortnight became the wife of Governor Bradford, and Barbara, half sister to Rose, who became the wife of Captain Standish. Edward Winslow returned to England in "The Anne," and the

next year brought back four head of cattle, the first introduction of cattle into the colony. "As John Alden and Priscilla had been married more than a year, the picture of Priscilla riding on a snow-white bull on her wedding day is an anachronism." In 1623 the Pilgrims bought out the claims of the London Merchants, paying as much as 50 per cent. on borrowed money. After the formation of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, in 1630, the Plymouth colony grew faster. At that time there were only 300 people in the Plymouth colony. In 1640, it had a population of nearly 3000. In 1670, they had 8000, divided among 20 towns. But the Massachusetts colony grew much more rapidly and in the end absorbed the Plymouth colony.

THE CHARACTERS OF THE POEM

MILES STANDISH

This intrepid soldier who played such an important part in the history of Plymouth was born in Lancashire, in the north of England, but the exact date of his birth is not known. He was born about the year 1584, and was, consequently, at the time of the poem, about 36 years of age. He was the legitimate heir of a large estate in England, and through gross injustice was defrauded of it. Miles Standish came of a valiant race. One of his ancestors fought in the battle of Agincourt under Henry V in 1415. Another was in the struggle in which Wat Tyler, the leader of the "Peasant Revolt" of 1381, was killed. Another, the Bishop of St. Asaph, North Wales, stood bravely by Catherine of Aragon, the wife of Henry VIII and aided her in resisting the divorce forced by the king that he might marry Anne Boleyn. "In the family record of Standish and Duxbury Hall in the parish of Chorley, Ole England, is the name of Miles Standanaught." "To stand at nothing in the way of duty commanded by the civil authority," said the orator at the laying of the corner-stone of the Standish monument, "seemed the essence of the character of Miles Standish."

Though small of stature, he had an active and daring spirit, a fiery temper, and a strong constitution. He was quick in quarrel, but, like most people, quick to recover; in friendship, staunch and true.

He served in the Netherlands as a lieutenant, commissioned by Queen Elizabeth, in the forces sent over by England to aid the Dutch against the Spanish. After the truce of 1609, between Prince Maurice of Holland and the King of Spain, he remained in the Netherlands and settled with the English refugees in Leyden. He was not a church member, and no one knows what induced him to attach himself with the Pilgrims in their perilous enterprise to settle in America.

It has been suggested by some writers that it was "probably love of adventure, sympathy with them in their cruel persecutions and attachment to some of the emigrants," that influenced him to cast his lot with these people who were seeking a home where they might worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience.

He joined the first company of Pilgrims to America, and on their arrival at Cape Cod was appointed military commander of the party of sixteen men who were sent ashore to explore the country. When they began their settlement at Plymouth, he was unanimously chosen captain. In every enterprise connected with the colony, Captain Standish was ready at all times to put himself foremost, whether the object was discovery, traffic, or fighting with the Indians. While unconnected with the church organization, he was chief in their councils from the first. Besides being military commander, he served as one of the governor's assistants, and for several years was the treasurer of the colony. His little army of sixteen men was well drilled, and on many an occasion struck terror in the breasts of the Indians. "With that huge sword almost as tall as himself in hand, Standish must have indeed have been a formidable as well as picturesque figure. His coat of mail was a cloth garment, thickly interwoven with a metallic wire, rendering it durable and scarcely penetrable; and the suit included a breastplate and helmet. Athwart his

breast was a broad leather band which sustained his sword. On his feet were buckled shoes. From beneath the helmet appeared thick masses of auburn hair, auburn at first, iron gray with advancing years. The face was full and bronzed, with a tawny beard. The eyes of blue were keen and penetrating. No wonder that the spectacle of this white chief at the head of his stern visaged followers with their murderous muskets spread terror among the Indian tribes whose chiefs conspired to annihilate the intruding palefaces.”¹

In 1623 Standish, at the head of his invincible army, conducted an expedition against the Massachusetts. This incident the poet has incorporated into “The Courtship of Miles Standish” with the skill of the true artist. “The governor, on receiving this intelligence, which was confirmed by other evidences, ordered Standish to take with him as many men as he should judge sufficient, and, if a plot should be discovered, to fall on the conspirators. Standish, with eight men, sailed to the Massachusetts, where the natives, suspecting his design, insulted and threatened him. Watching his opportunity, when four of them, Wituwamat, Pecksuot, another Indian, and a youth of eighteen, brother of Wituwamat, and about as many of his own men, were in the same room, he gave the signal to his men; the door was instantly shut; and, snatching the knife of Pecksuot from his neck, he killed him with it after a violent struggle; his party killed Wituwamat and the other Indian, and hung the youth. Proceeding to another place, Standish killed an Indian and afterward had a skirmish with a party of Indians, which he put to flight. Standish, with that generosity which characterizes true bravery, released the Indian women, without taking their beaver coats, or allowing the least incivility to be offered to them.”²

Rose Standish, his delicate wife, “his beautiful rose of love,” was one of the first to wither and droop before the bleak winds of New England. She died January 29, 1621. His second wife was

¹ *Historic Pilgrimages*, by Bacon, p. 89.

² *Annals of America*, page 181.

Barbara, a half sister to Rose, who came over in the "Fortune." This was the fifth wedding in the colony. They had six children. He had one son, Alexander, who married Sarah, the daughter of John Alden.

In 1625, he was sent to London to make a settlement with the London merchants, and finally succeeded in borrowing a thousand dollars at thirty per cent. interest.

It was a sorrowful day for Governor Bradford when Miles Standish, John Alden, and the Brewsters took their families across the harbor to found the town of Duxbury. The farms of Brewster, the Puritan divine, and Standish, the Puritan soldier, were side by side.

His peaceful home was situated on a picturesque peninsula, now known as Captain's Hill. He died October 3, 1656, at the age of seventy-three.

"The days of his early manhood were passed through scenes of persecution and suffering, whose vicissitudes were painful and agitating in the extreme. As an exile, he had encountered poverty and had been exposed to the most severe deprivations and toils. He had lived to see the colony securely established, to see the Indians to a very great degree brought under the influence of Christian example and instruction. From one little settlement of seven huts, he had seen others springing up all around, till eight flourishing towns were established, with eight churches and eight pastors. He had seen the colony reduced to fifty souls, men, women, and children, and ere he died the census reported a population of eight thousand, with a well-defined government, a free constitution, and established law."¹

JOHN ALDEN

We know very little of the history of John Alden prior to the time when he hired to go as a cooper with the Pilgrims. This much we do know, that he was born in England in 1599. Bradford, in his *History of Plimouth Plantation*, says: "He was hired

¹ *Miles Standish*, by John S. C. Abbott, p. 333.

for a cooper at Southampton, where the ship victualled, and being a hopeful young man, was much desired, but left to his own liking to go or stay when he came to Plymouth, but he stayed and married here." He was twenty-one years of age when he sailed in the *Mayflower*. He was assigned to a place in the family of Captain Miles Standish, and became private secretary to the doughty little captain. In the following spring, he married Priscilla Mullins, and became one of the helpful men in the affairs of the little colony.

The tradition from which the romantic tale of the "Courtship of Miles Standish" is drawn rests upon shadowy ground. In the early part of the nineteenth century a little publication came to light under the title of *Alden's Epitaphs*, by the Rev. Dr. Timothy Alden. The incident as it has been handed down from generation to generation runs in this quaint fashion:

"In a very short time after the decease of Mrs. Standish, the Captain was led to think that if he could obtain Miss Priscilla Mullins, a daughter of William Mullins, the breach in his family would be happily repaired. He, therefore, according to the customs of those times, sent to ask Mr. Mullins' permission to visit his daughter. John Alden, the messenger, went and faithfully communicated the wishes of the Captain. The old gentleman did not object, as he might have done, on account of the recency of Captain Standish's bereavement. He said it was perfectly agreeable to him, but the young lady must also be consulted. The damsel was then called into the room, and John Alden, who is said to have been a man of most excellent form, with a fair and ruddy complexion, arose, and in a very courteous and prepossessing manner, delivered his errand. Miss Mullins listened with respectful attention, and at last, after a considerable pause, fixing her eyes upon him, with an open and pleasant countenance, said: 'Prithie, John, why do you not speak for yourself?' He blushed, and bowed, and took his leave, but with a look which indicated more than his diffidence would permit him otherwise to express. However, he soon renewed his visit, and it was not long before their nuptials were celebrated in ample form. What

report he made to his constituent after the first interview tradition does not unfold; but it is said, how true the writer knows not, that the Captain never forgave him to the day of his death."

It is not our purpose to mar this pretty tradition around which the poet has woven his fascinating story, but merely to state the facts in the case. This much we do know: that Rose Standish, the Captain's first wife, whom he married in the Isle of Man, died during the first winter in Plymouth, late in January, 1621. It is possible that Standish did woo the pretty Puritan maiden and was vanquished by the youthful and scholarly John Alden. John and Priscilla were married early in the same year, this wedding making the third wedding in the colony. That part of the tradition which speaks of the unforgiving spirit of the vanquished Captain must be in error, as the two families appear to have been on a friendly footing while dwelling in Duxbury. Standish and Alden served together in various public capacities, and Alden's daughter Sarah became the first wife of Standish's son, Alexander. During his long, active life, John Alden held many responsible positions. He served on several occasions as member of the council of war; for several years as agent of the colony, and for three years as the colony treasurer. He was the last surviving signer of the Mayflower Compact, and died on his Duxbury farm, September 12, 1687, at the age of eighty-seven years.

PRISCILLA MULLINS

Very little is known of our heroine, Miss Priscilla Mullins. On the passenger list of the Mayflower were the names of Mr. William Mullins and his wife and two children, Joseph and Priscilla, and a servant, Robert Carter. Mr. Mullins, the father of Priscilla, is described as "a man pious and well-deserving, endowed with a considerable outward estate; and had it been the will of God that he had survived, might have proved a useful instrument in his place." He was the tenth signer of the compact. He died in the first sickness in Plymouth in the spring of 1621; likewise his wife and son Joseph. Priscilla Mullins was married

to John Alden in the spring of 1621. They had eleven children. The poet is descended from the heroine through his mother, Miss Wadsworth.

WILLIAM BRADFORD

Of this little band of men who for freedom's sake "tempted the dangers of the unknown sea, to plant a home in an unknown wilderness," William Bradford was the guiding brain of this great enterprise. If it had not been for the pen of Bradford in recording "their lightest acts," step by step and day by day, through the terrible sufferings, crushing sorrows, and long privations, we would have to depend on tradition in portraying these scenes. To Bradford alone we are indebted for a connected history of the "Old Colony" during the first twenty-five years of its existence. Whoever would breathe the Plymouth atmosphere and feel the presence of the Pilgrims must go to these three old books written by Bradford: "Mourt's Relation," containing Bradford's Journal during the first eventful winter; Bradford's "Letter Book," containing invaluable collections of letters received by different members of the colony from friends in England and from those left behind in Leyden, together with the replies of the colonists; and Bradford's "History," which is a connected history of the Pilgrims for the first quarter of its existence.

The story of Plymouth is the story of Bradford's life. His parents dying when he was still a child, he was educated by his uncles. The lad was greatly attached to William Brewster, a man thirty years his senior. Brewster's influence had a great deal to do in molding the character of young Bradford. Bradford was eighteen years old when the Scrooby congregation decided to remove to Holland. As soon as he reached his majority he sold his paternal estates in England. He was a member of the first company that came to America in 1620. He was one of the exploring party while the ship lay in Provincetown Harbor. On his return from one of these expeditions he was grieved to learn of the death of his wife, who had fallen overboard and drowned. After the death of Governor Carver, he was appointed

to succeed him, which position he held for thirty-one years. In addition to his duties as Governor, he was required to serve as chief justice, minister of foreign affairs, and auditor of the treasury. The position of governor was not an ornamental one: he worked with the colonists in the fields, and led out the men every morning to their work. On the ninth of May, 1657, he died, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. His body was carried to the top of Burial Hill; no religious services were held. The whole community of Pilgrims gathered around the grave and mourned the loss of one who had been "a common father" to them all.

WILLIAM BREWSTER

William Brewster, the excellent and sainted Elder of Plymouth, was born in England in 1560. After leaving the university of Cambridge he entered into the service of William Dawson, a courier of Queen Elizabeth and her ambassador to Scotland and Holland. It was in Brewster's house at Scrooby where the Separatist congregation met for worship. In his attempt to escape to Holland, he was caught and cast into prison. After being liberated from prison, he used his means to help the poorer members of the congregation to escape to Holland. When he reached Holland, his resources having been expended, he was obliged to find employment as a tutor. His conduct was of such an exemplary character that he was chosen "Ruling Elder" of the Plymouth Church. John Robinson remaining behind in Leyden, Elder Brewster came with the Pilgrims to America, and suffered all the hardships attending their settlement in the wilderness.

Brewster was the eldest of the Pilgrim Fathers, being fifty-six when he came over, while Bradford was but thirty-two, Standish thirty-six, Alden twenty-one, Winslow twenty-six, and Allerton thirty-one.

In 1630 or 1631, a number of Plymouth families moved over and founded the town of Duxbury; these were Miles Standish, Elder Brewster, his eldest son Jonathan, Thomas Prince, and

John Alden. By the terms of agreement, they were to live in Plymouth in the winter, and to attend church there, but a year or so after, the conditions were removed and Duxbury had its own church. Elder Brewster died in Duxbury April 16, 1644, at the age of eighty.

EDWARD WINSLOW

Edward Winslow was not only one of the chief leaders in the founding of the Plymouth colony, but the most accomplished man among the colonists. Like Standish, he was of notable lineage, tracing his family back to Walter de Wynslow, Esquire, Gentleman at arms of the County of Buckingham. While traveling through Holland he was attracted to the Pilgrims and joined them two or three years before they emigrated to America. He rendered invaluable service to the colony. He was one of the exploring party from Provincetown; gave himself as a hostage to the Indians while negotiations of the treaty with Massasoit were going on; strengthened the friendship of the Indians by visiting Massasoit while he was lying dangerously ill, and cured him when the medicine man had failed. In 1623 he was sent to England as agent of the colony. Upon his return in 1624, he brought the first neat cattle ever in New England. From 1624 to 1633 he was assistant to the governor. In 1633, 1636, and 1644 he was elected and served as governor. He was the first bridegroom in the colony and through his marriage to Susannah White became step-father to Peregrine White. Winslow's first wife, the gentle Elizabeth, came over with him, and died on March 24, 1621, three months after his arrival at Plymouth. Susannah White's husband died February 21, 1621. The wedding took place early in the following May. The second wedding in the colony was that of John Howland and Elizabeth Tilly, and the third, as previously stated, was that of John Alden and Priscilla. Edward Winslow died at sea in May, 1655. General John Winslow, great grandson of Edward Winslow, was the commander of the English forces at Grand-Pré, who directed the removal of the Acadians from their homes.

STUDY OF THE POEM

Character of the poem:

a. It is a narrative poem because it tells a story.

1. Kinds of narrative poems:

a. Fable, a short story with a moral, *e. g.*, Æsop's Fables.

b. Ballad, a short story of adventure, giving a single incident in the life of the principal character, *e. g.*, Wreck of the Hesperus.

c. Epic, an extended story of elevated character dealing with heroic exploits, *e. g.*, The Greek Iliad; Dante's Divine Comedy.

d. Romances, a story of extraordinary and improbable events, *e. g.*, Tennyson's Idylls of the King.

e. Idylls (from the Greek, meaning a little picture), a story of no very great length, describing simple country life and natural scenery, *e. g.*, Evangeline.

The first thing to do is to determine whether the poem is a fable, a ballad, an epic, a romance, or an idyll, and to give your reasons for the same. Many critics do not agree as to its classification, and why should you?

FIGURES OF SPEECH

A figure of speech is a deviation from the usual form of expression. Its purpose is to add to the beauty of expression and to make language more forceful and effective. Figures of speech are frequently and many times unconsciously used in ordinary conversation. When we say I gave him a square deal, that man has a soft heart, he swelled with pride, that was a wild scheme, she has a sharp tongue, we are using figures of speech.

It has been truthfully said that "words are the mortar and bricks of the building, while sentences are the completed walls; that just as architecture demands that the walls be beautified, so writing demands that the sentences be embellished. What figures are to a writer, so are colors to the artist." Longfellow's figures

of speech, while they are homely in character, are highly pictorial, and make a pleasing impression on the mind.

The three figures of speech that are most frequently used are the simile, the metaphor, and personification.

A simile is an expressed resemblance between objects of *different classes*. It is generally introduced by some words of comparison, as, *like*, *as*, or *similar to*. It should be remembered that mere resemblances do not constitute similes. For instance, there is no rhetorical simile if we compare one man with another, Napoleon to Cæsar, one river with another, two trees, two houses; these are called real resemblances, not figurative comparisons. But we may compare time to a river, a person to a tree, for the things which we have compared belong to objects of *different classes*.

(a) "Brown as a nut was his face," I, 13.

(b) "His russet beard was already flaked with patches of snow as hedges sometimes in November," I, 14.

(c) "The carded wool like a snow-drift," III, 44.

Each of these examples is a simile, in which two objects of different classes are compared and a resemblance discovered. The following outline will aid the pupil to determine if the figure is a simile or not:

1. Name the objects to be compared.
2. Are the objects to be compared of different classes?
3. Have the objects compared a common quality or resemblance?
4. Is the resemblance expressed in the figure?

In the first example, what are the objects to be compared? Nut and face. Are the objects of different classes? They are. What is the common quality of these two objects? Brown. Is the common quality expressed in the figure? It is. Then the figure, "Brown as a nut was his face," is a simile.

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"Brown as a nut was his face."

There is a second class of figures called the metaphor. A metaphor is an abridged simile in that it is founded upon a resemb-

lance between objects. But there is this distinction, that the resemblance is implied, and *not expressed*.

(a) "Sinews of war," I, 12.

(b) "My brazen howitzer is a preacher," I, 46, 37.

(c) Children lost in the woods," III, 28.

There is another class of figures called personification. Personification consists in giving to inanimate objects or animals qualities that belong to human beings. Examples: The dog laughed. The wind howled. The mists looked down upon the valley. The old barn door creaked with laughter.

(a) "Welcome, O wind of the East! * * * lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead," IV, 11-14.

(b) "Out of the sea rose the sun, the billows rejoiced at his coming," V, 24.

(c) "Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips," IX, 29.

Another figure is called apostrophe. Apostrophe is a form of personification. It is a figure in which we address inanimate objects as if they were animated, the absent as present. It usually indicates a high degree of emotion. Examples: My country, 'tis of thee. O Death, where is thy sting? Ye winds of memory, sweep the silent lyre.

(a) "Welcome, O wind of the East," etc., IV, 10, 11.

An allegory is a form of metaphor making a connected story, teaching an evident moral.

"God had sifted three kingdoms (*i. e.*, England, Scotland, and Holland) to find the wheat for this planting, then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation," IV, 105, 106.

The eightieth psalm is an excellent illustration of an allegory: "Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt: thou hast cast out the heathen and planted it. Thou preparedst room before it, and didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land. The hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars. She sent out her boughs unto the sea, and her branches unto the river. Why hast thou then broken down her hedges, so that all they which pass by the way do pluck her?

The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it."

"Metonymy is a figure which consists in substituting one object for another, the two being so closely related that the mention of one suggests the other." Example: The drunkard loves his bottle (the liquor contained). The water boils (meaning the water in the kettle). Gray hairs (*i. e.*, old age) should be respected.

(a) "Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling," I, 81.

"Synecdoche is a figure in which we use the name of one object to signify some other connected object. It consists in putting the part for the whole, the whole for the part." Example: We speak of the sail, meaning the whole ship. All hands (all men) were at work. (The part for the whole.) The world (the people generally) knows his virtue. (The whole for the part.)

(a) "You have lived under my roof" (whole house).

(b) "You have fed at my board" (whole table).

(c) "Drunk at my cup."

Other figures of speech are exclamation, interrogation, hyperbole, climax, irony, vision, euphemism, onomatopœia, litotes, parallel, allusion, alliteration.

CRITICAL OPINIONS OF THE POEM

"The delightful narrative poem of 'The Courtship of Miles Standish' is one of those typical creations we have in mind. It is a rendering playful, yet tender, realistic in setting, yet touched with romance, of a story from our early colonial history, in which characters who are in danger of being names and nothing more in the hands of the formal chronicler, are brought near to us and made warm and sympathetic by means of imaginative presentation."—RICHARD BURTON.

"'The Courtship of Miles Standish' was an advance upon 'Evangeline,' so far as concerns structure and the distinct characterization of personages. A merit of the tale is the frolicsome

humor here and there, lighting up the gloom that blends with our conception of the Pilgrim inclosure, and we see that comic and poetic elements are not at odds in the scheme of a bright imagination. The verse, though stronger, is more labored than that of 'Evangeline'; some of the lines are prosaic, almost inadmissible."

—EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

"The story of Miles Standish and of John Alden is as old as the hills, but it was never told with a clearer or more deliberate purpose, nor in the telling of it were the feelings of the three persons concerned made more conspicuous. * * * I do not intend to say that the story as told by Longfellow is deficient in pathos. No such story could be told by him so as to want it altogether. But the whole tale of John Alden—for he is the hero, and not Miles Standish—is narrated in the language of ordinary life, for which the Latin hexameters are hardly fitted. The history is given with great rapidity, and yet seems to include all that there is to be said. Indeed, the story as a story is admirably complete. 'Evangeline' is not complete. It is vague and wandering, and given only in parts, whereas 'Miles Standish' is round and finished from beginning to end."—ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

1. Name the place and time of action. What incident helps us to fix the very month and the year?
2. From what sources did the poet get his material for the poem?
3. Are the characters true to history?
4. In what respects did the author deviate from the historical narrative of the Pilgrims?
5. Name instances where the author has rearranged incidents to suit his plot.
6. What is the climax of the story (the point where the interest is at its highest pitch)?
7. Which line in the poem definitely fixes the time of the story?

8. How do you reconcile these two facts: the sailing of the Mayflower on its return voyage in 1621; and Miles Standish's raid against the Indians in 1623?

9. What is the difference between the Pilgrims and the Puritans?

10. Which do you consider the most heroic act of Miles Standish?

11. Of the books belonging to Standish, why did the poet make him select Cæsar for perusal, while Alden was away on his errand of proposal?

12. Does the poem give you the impression that Alden and Priscilla were acquainted before sailing on the Mayflower?

13. Which makes the greater impression on you, the historical narrative of the little band of settlers or the poem?

14. Why does the poet use so many Biblical allusions?

15. What was the bond of friendship between Alden and Standish?

16. Who is the hero of the poem? What does he do that is heroic?

17. Gather together all that the poet says of any one character, summarizing each named.

18. Why did the poet name his story "The Courtship of Miles Standish," instead of "Priscilla," as originally intended?

19. Was Alden true to his friend when he delivered the Captain's offer of marriage?

20. In the conflict of love and friendship, which usually wins?

21. Has this poem a moral, and if so, what is it?

22. Compare and contrast the characters of Standish and Alden.

23. Is the family history of the poet in any way connected with the story?

24. What is the underlying motive of the story?

25. What is Alden's first crisis? Name others.

26. What is the prevailing hue of the poem?

27. Is the story interesting? Does the interest flag at any point?

28. Where is the heroine first mentioned? What was the purpose of mentioning her here at all?
29. Where is the first hint that John Alden himself loved Priscilla?
30. Select the best description of a sunrise; a sunset; of a forest.
31. Why are the scriptural phrases appropriate in this poem?
32. What do you consider the best parts of the poem? Why?
33. Are the homes and surroundings of the people fully described? Point out examples.
34. What are the chief traits of the heroine's character?
35. Are there any pathetic passages in the poem? Where?
36. Are there any humorous passages in the poem? Where?

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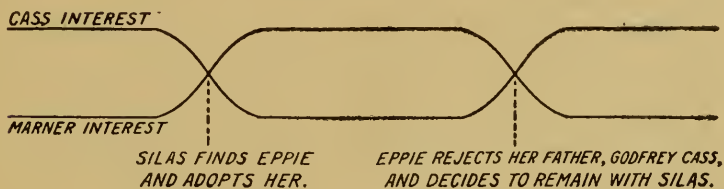
FOR ADVANCED CLASSES

STRUCTURE OF THE POEM

We will now consider the more difficult and at the same time the most interesting part of narration. Narration may be divided into simple and complex. In simple narration, the chief character, called the protagonist, goes from the beginning of the story to the end without meeting difficulties. Sara Orne

Jewett's story, "The Confessions of a Housebreaker," is a good example of simple narration.

Each person has a line of interest. If your line of interest runs parallel with the line of interest of your friend, there can be no complications, but as soon as the two lines of interest cross each other, you form a plot. A plot is the weaving together of two or more lines of interest. For instance, in the story of Silas Marner there are two lines of interest: the Cass interest and the Marner interest. These two interests, which form a plot, may be shown by the following diagram:



The first time where these two interests cross each other is when Silas Marner discovers Eppie and adopts her as his child; the second is when Godfrey Cass confesses to Silas Marner that he is Eppie's father and wants to take her to live with him and is refused by Eppie.

In complex narration there is a plot; there are obstacles. If the protagonist overcomes the obstacle, that narration is a comedy. If the protagonist is overcome by the obstacle, it is a tragedy. In the "Courtship of Miles Standish" there are two lines of interest: the Standish interest and the Alden interest. Show by diagram, similar to the Silas Marner story, how these two lines of interests cross each other.

There are two forces in complex narration:

First, "The complicating force, which is usually a character by whose means the protagonist is brought face to face with the obstacle." This is the force which ties the knot. Second, "The resolving force, which is usually a character through whose

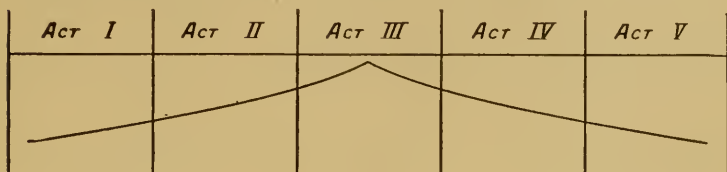
aid the protagonist overcomes the obstacle." This is the force which unties the knot. In the "Merchant of Venice" the complicating force is Shylock; the obstacle is the pound of flesh; and the resolving force is Portia. In "The Courtship of Miles Standish," pick out the complicating force, the obstacle, and the resolving force. Now the "Merchant of Venice" may either be a tragedy or a comedy. If Shylock is considered as the protagonist, it becomes a tragedy, as he was overcome by the obstacle, the pound of flesh. If Antonio is considered as the protagonist, it is a comedy, as he overcame the obstacle, the pound of flesh. In like manner show that "The Courtship of Miles Standish" may be either a tragedy or a comedy.

A drama is formally divided into acts and scenes. A drama is logically divided into five acts, and each act has a name and a purpose. The first act is called the introduction. Its purpose is to present the principal characters, the place and time of the action, and to a certain degree to foreshadow what is to follow. The second act is called the entanglement or the rising (tragedy) action. In this act the various lines of interest are entangled. This act is sometimes spoken of as tying the knot. The third act is called the climax. The climax is the highest point of interest. In this act the resolving force appears. The fourth act is called the disentanglement, or the falling action. It may also be called the solution. In this act the obstacle is nearly surmounted or nearly triumphs. The fifth act is called the catastrophe. In this act the play ends.

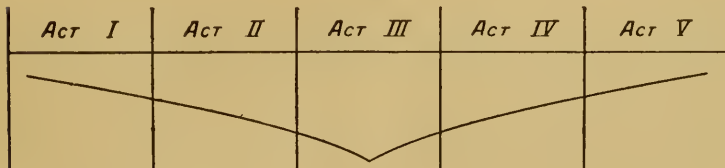
Take the story of "The Courtship of Miles Standish" and divide it into five acts. In the first act write briefly the introduction, naming the time and place; the chief characters. Write a summary showing what you consider as the second act, naming the obstacle and the complicating force. In the third act name the climax. Quote the line in the poem which in reality is the climax of the story. Write briefly the fourth act, showing the solution, and how the resolving force brought about the solution. In the fifth act write the conclusion of the story or the catastrophe. The five acts of a play may be illustrated as follows:

<i>Act I</i>	<i>Act II</i>	<i>Act III</i>	<i>Act IV</i>	<i>Act V</i>
INTRODUCTION	ENTANGLEMENT OR RISING ACTION	CLIMAX	DISENTANGLEMENT OR FALLING ACTION	CATASTROPHE

In diagramming a tragedy the line of action runs thus:



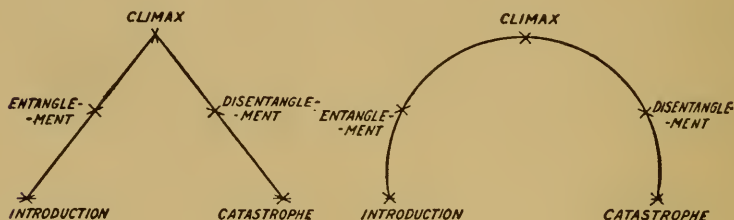
In diagramming a comedy the line of action runs thus:



In every perfectly constructed play there are two elements which enter into it, called the tragic force and the moment of suspense. The tragic force appears shortly after the climax. When the climax has been reached, that is the highest point of interest in the story; it is the author's aim to divert his hearers or readers for a time from the main action of the story, and to arouse interest in a new line of action which in turn helps to solve the problem or to bring about the solution. The tragic force in "The Courtship of Miles Standish" is the march of Miles Standish against the Indians. Show how this tragic force helped to bring about the solution. Just before the play ends there is a "moment of suspense." You have been aroused to a high pitch of excite-

ment over the outcome of the story, and for a moment there is a suspense during which you feel that the protagonist will, after all, get out of his entanglement. Immediately after the "moment of suspense" the play comes to a quick termination. The "moment of suspense" in "The Courtship of Miles Standish" is the sudden and unexpected appearance of Captain Miles Standish at the wedding of John Alden and Priscilla, which causes the bridegroom to start and to stare at the strange apparition and the bride to turn pale.

The construction of the plot may be represented by the inverted angle or by a curved line, as follows:



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